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"the other man"

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stops nagging coughs

New discovery works in your cough control center . . . without narcotic codeine . . . lets you sleep all night!

Did you know that nagging coughs are actually controlled in the brain . . . at your Cough Control Center? Congestion and irritation in your throat and chest overexcite, aggravate this Control, make you cough.

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Get Silentium in two Vicks cough syrups: **Improved Vicks Cough Syrup** with the wild cherry flavor children love; and for Silentium in extra-strength, new **Vicks Formula 44.** Buy both, stop nagging coughs!



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Wild-Cherry Flavor Children Love



KIRK DOUGLAS

IT'S ALL IN THE VIEWPOINT

■ It happened while Kirk Douglas was living at Palm Springs and commuting to Hollywood. The studio rented a chauffeured automobile so their star could unwind each evening. But let Kirk tell it:

"It started out great, too, the first night. I was real tired, and I fell asleep on the back seat, curled up under a big blanket. What luxury!

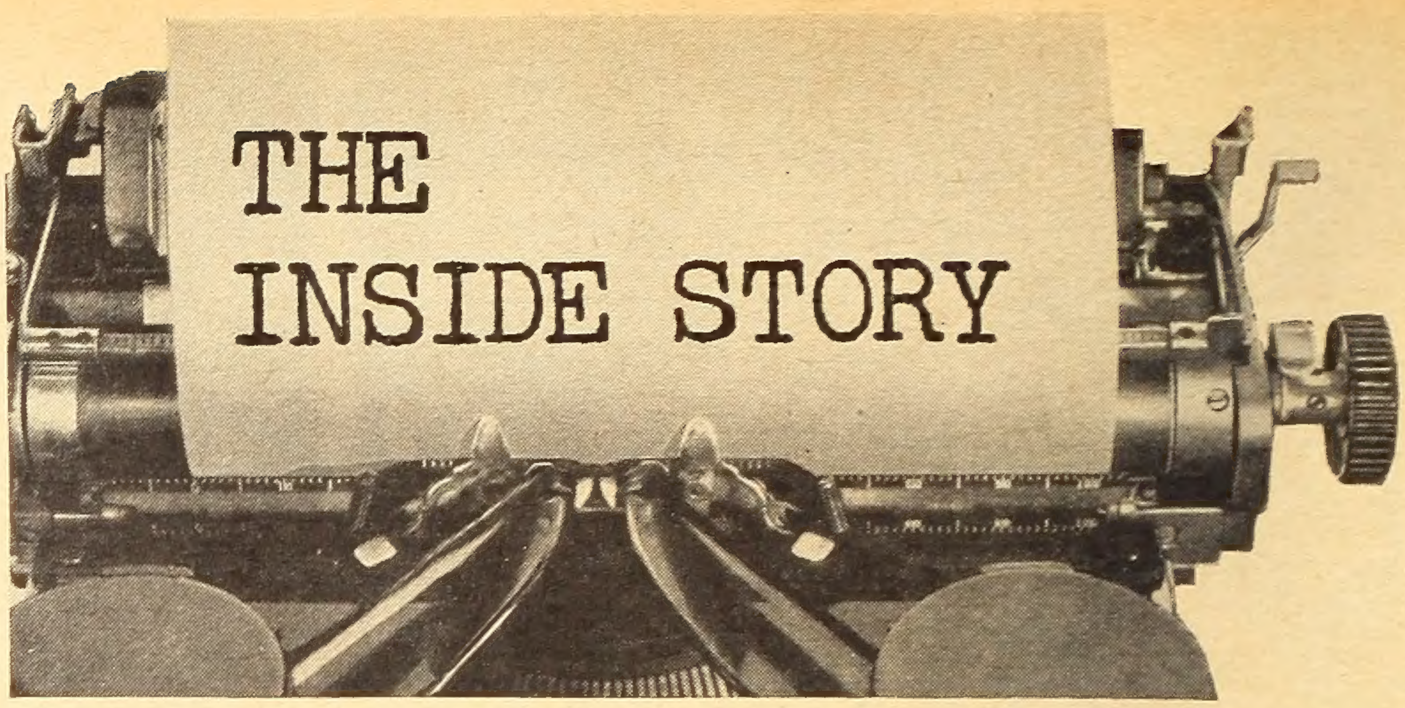
"But suddenly I realized we had stopped. The car was still there (fortunately, since I was still in it), but the chauffeur had disappeared! I spotted him through the window, at a roadside restaurant, grabbing a sandwich and coffee while *he* thought I slept. I noticed a bar at the end of the building, and I was thirsty. I crawled out to have a quick beer.

"Only trouble was that I didn't make it quick enough! When I came out the door two minutes later, there went my departing car and chauffeur, hi-tailing it for Palm Springs! So back I went for another beer, thinking the guy would miss me in a short while and figure out the situation. But he didn't get the message till he pulled into my driveway—and no me!

"That started him on a 40-mile return trip to the restaurant, but meanwhile I had hitch-hiked a ride home. We finally got things straightened out, with chauffeur, car, and Kirk Douglas in the same place again, just in time for him to drive us (my wife Anne and me) to a party that night.

"Of course I told the whole story there, and wound up by asking how anyone could be so dumb as to drive off that way without checking to see if I was in the car. Later I wandered out to the kitchen for some extra ice cubes. Nearing the kitchen door, I heard my chauffeur's voice. He was visiting the maid, and regaling her with the same story I had told *my* friends about the mixup.

"Did I say the *same* story? My chauffeur ended it by asking the maid, 'Can you imagine a movie star being dumb enough not to let me know he got out of the car!'"



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 56.

Q I read that **Debbie Reynolds** has rented a house in the Bahamas for next winter? Does she intend this to be her honeymoon house?

—F.D., St. Louis, Mo.

A *Not unless her Mama and two children are going along on the honeymoon.*

Q Any truth to the rumor that **Gina Lollobrigida** and **Rock Hudson** are feuding on the *Come September* filming in Italy?

—I.K., Daytona Beach, Fla.

A *Yes.*

Q There is a report that **Elvis Presley** has taken Aly Khan's old home in Santa Monica to get some privacy *from* all his girl friends who know the location of the Hollywood hotel he stayed in. Is this so?

—R.R., Burbank, Calif.

A *No Privacy* with *his girl friends.*

Q Now that they are so busy on TV, do you think that **Barbara Stanwyck** and **June Allyson** will ever again work in movies?

—G.F., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A *They'd like to think so.*

Q Can you tell me why **Stewart Granger** is so terribly bitter over the divorce from **Jean Simmons**? Is it because of all the alimony he has to pay?

—F.D., Crowley, La.

A *No alimony problems involved. Friends say Stewart agreed to have Jean get complete custody of their little girl when Jean swore there was no other man involved. After the divorce she admitted her attraction to Richard Brooks.*

Q In your recent story by **May Britt** about herself and **Sammy Davis, Jr.** she stated by saying: "Sammy is Jewish and Negro—I'm Swedish, Protestant and white." Now there's a rumor that she intends to convert to Judaism for Sammy's sake. Is this so?

—W.T., Fairbanks, Ala.

A *Yes.*

Q Since **Liz Taylor** has paid all her doctor's expenses to come to London and Egypt while she is making *Cleopatra*—does this mean that at long last she is pregnant?

—F.F., Elizabeth, N.J.

A *Never a well girl, Liz wants her own physician nearby for all and any emergencies—including a possible pregnancy.*

Q Is it true that **Yves Montand** is getting all the roles that other Hollywood stars turn down because his asking price is so cheap? What is his asking price anyhow?

—R.R., Madison, Wis.

A *$300,000 per film now. Considerably less in his first two Hollywood films.*

Q Did **Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.** really threaten to walk out of Warners à-la-**Edd Byrnes**, **Clint Walker**, and **James Garner**, unless he got permission to do *By Love Possessed* with **Lana Turner**?

—F.F., Spokane, Wash.

A *Efrem used reverse psychology. Agreed to stay four years longer if he got permission. It worked.*

Q I've read conflicting reports: was **Gene Tierney** flooded with offers for TV and movies after she returned to Hollywood for a GE Theater . . . or did she get *no* offers at all, as another columnist stated?

—R.G., Wilmington, Del.

A *Two offers for TV roles at 20th—who hold her contract.*

Q The papers revealed that the new star **Capucine** was **Dirk Bogarde**'s house-guest in London for the premiere of *Song Without End.* Was this considered the right thing to do?

—C.S., Philadelphia, Pa.

A *Bogarde has a large house and a number of house-guests. He's also a pal of Capucine's fiancé. It couldn't have been more platonic.*

Q How come **Gary Crosby** and Barbara Stuart were able to marry in a religious ceremony when she had been married and divorced once before?

—K.J., Dayton, Ohio

A *Barbara got an annulment of her earlier marriage so that she'd be an acceptable member of the Crosby Clan.*

NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



The Swiss Family Robinson, here led by father (John Mills) and mother (Dorothy McGuire), join in a prayer of hope and thanksgiving, after their shipwreck.

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

John Mills
Dorothy McGuire
Sessue Hayakawa
James MacArthur
Kevin Corcoran

life on a desert island

▪ This movie is based on a well-known novel by Johann Wyss. It's the story of a family bound for New Guinea and a life of pioneering when their sea voyage is interrupted by marauding pirates (led by Sessue Hayakawa). Sinking fast, the family build a tub-raft and head for the nearest island (the movie was filmed in the British West Indies so the scenery is lovely). The island is deserted but the father of the family (John Mills) is a fighter from way back; his wife (Dorothy McGuire) is his most ardent supporter and his sons provide brawn (James MacArthur) and ingenuity (Tommy Kirk). The kid of the family (Kevin Corcoran) immediately runs off into the jungle and comes back with a baby elephant. Mama likes comfort so the family astound her by building a split-level tree house where she can live more or less like a lady until help arrives. Naturally no one arrives but Sessue Hayakawa and he chooses a camp site on the other side of the island where he dumps two prisoners. One of them (teen-ager Janet Munro) is rescued by James and Tommy. Now war with the pirates seems inevitable. This doesn't dampen their spirits in the least. Most of the adventures in this movie seem more amusing than dangerous; essentially it celebrates the beauties of a "natural" life.—TECHNICOLOR, PANAVISION.

G.I. BLUES

Elvis Presley
Juliet Prowse
Leticia Roman
Robert Ivers
Sigrid Maier

—romance of a swinging baby-sitter (Elvis)

▪ Elvis, naturally, is back, and if you want to know what he was doing those two years in the army, this is what he was doing (except for the romantic scenes, the baby-sitting scenes and the puppet show scenes which are fictional). In this movie he serves—as he did in life—in the U.S. 3rd Armored (Spearhead) Division in West Germany. Defense maneuvers, as pictured, are guaranteed authentic. Juliet Prowse's two modern dance numbers don't need any seal of approval. As for the story: one of Elvis' buddies is suddenly transferred to duty in Alaska and Elvis is drafted, by his remaining buddies, to test his romantic prowess with Juliet. Juliet is a café dancer. If Elvis manages to stay till dawn in her company his buddies will enrich him by $300. The complications are: Juliet is forewarned by Sergeant Arch Johnson—and Elvis, when he sees her up close, falls in love. How is he going to overcome that first bad impression so that he can marry the girl? While worrying the problem he introduces ten new songs and sings some of his old ones, too.—PARAMOUNT.

(Continued on page 6)

Betty's BLUE



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Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

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Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in December, your birthstone is the turquoise and your flower is the narcissus; and here are some of the stars who share it with you:

December 1—**Mary Martin**
December 2—**Julie Harris**
December 4—**Deanna Durbin**
December 7—**Rod Cameron**, **Eli Wallach**
December 8—**Sammy Davis, Jr.**, **James MacArthur**, **Dewey Martin**
December 9—**Dina Merrill**, **Lee J. Cobb**, **Broderick Crawford**
December 10—**Dorothy Lamour**, **Barbara Nichols**
December 11—**Betsy Blair**, **Gilbert Roland**
December 12—**Connie Francis**, **Frank Sinatra**
December 13—**Van Heflin**
December 14—**Jack Benny**
December 15—**Jeff Chandler**
December 17—**Richard Long**
December 18—**Betty Grable**, **Roger Smith**
December 19—**Kirk Douglas**
December 20—**Dennis Morgan**
December 21—**Jane Fonda**
December 23—**Ruth Roman**, **Harry Guardino**
December 24—**Ava Gardner**
December 26—**Steve Allen**
December 27—**Marlene Dietrich**
December 28—**Lew Ayres**
December 30—**Jo Van Fleet**, **Jack Lord**, **Russ Tamblyn**
December 31—**Tim Considine**



Agnes Moorehead
December 6



Dan Dailey
December 14



Irene Dunne
December 20



Richard Widmark
December 26

new movies

(Continued from page 5)

SPARTACUS

Kirk Douglas
Laurence Olivier
Tony Curtis
Jean Simmons
Charles Laughton

spectacle in Rome

▪ Spartacus (Kirk Douglas) comes of a family of slaves and his fate is to be sold to Peter Ustinov, the wealthy head of a gladiator school at Capua. Enroute to Rome the aristocratic general Laurence Olivier stops at Capua and demands to be entertained. Ustinov orders two gladiators to come forth and fight to the death. One fighter is a giant Negro (Woody Strode), the other is Spartacus (Kirk Douglas). Jean Simmons (a slave given to Douglas to keep him happy) watches terrified as Woody proves the better fighter. But Woody refuses to kill his friend (which is the end of Woody; Olivier finishes *him* with a knife in the neck). Kirk Douglas is appalled by Woody's death, soon leads a slave revolt and escapes into open country with Jean, now his beloved. As a slave leader his army grows, piles up victories and causes a crisis in the Roman Senate. There, Charles Laughton, political leader of Rome, struggles with Laurence Olivier over their differing theories of how to subdue mobs and rule the people. A full scale war has begun against Rome and Olivier's slave (Tony Curtis) escapes to join Douglas' army. As he marches towards Rome, three armies, led by Olivier, converge on him and his 90,000 men. After a bloody slaughter, Douglas is defeated. Olivier wants to see his corpse personally but he has already become anonymous and takes his place among 6,000 prisoners. Jean and her newborn baby are taken into Olivier's house where she maintains a stand-offish attitude that enrages him. He can't understand how Douglas, without wealth or political power, could win not only the love of a beautiful woman but also the loyalty of a great army. When he eventually learns that Douglas is still alive he takes his revenge.—TECHNICOLOR, UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.

THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG

William Holden
Nancy Kwan
Sylvia Syms
Michael Wilding
Laurence Naismith

East-West romance

▪ The world of Suzie Wong (Nancy Kwan) comes as quite a shock to artist William Holden. He's a free soul but not so free he can enjoy living in a house of "yum-yum" girls without feeling a certain embarrassment. Holden has arrived in Hong Kong with a little money and a big dream—he wants to see if he really *is* an artist. He is no sooner aboard a ferry that will take him to his des-



Jean Simmons, herself a slave, cradles the head of her lover, a slave called Spartacus (played by Kirk Douglas). This is one of the few lyric moments the two may share, since Spartacus' fate is to lead an army of slaves against oppression.

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tination than he rips a sketchbook out of his pocket and starts to draw. Into his view floats Suzie, a Chinese beauty of rare elegance. She objects to being sketched, it's beneath her station. She says her father is a rich man and she is now on her way to marrying the boy of his choice. Dashed, Holden puts away his pad. A few hours later he has installed himself in a second-rate hotel. The price is right, but the atmosphere is unusual. It turns out he's the only male tenant; everybody else is a "yum-yum" girl, including Suzie whom he sees on the arm of a sailor. Well, there are other girls in Hong Kong—nice English girls like Sylvia Syms who is the daughter of a banker. Then there's his career which he thinks he can further by having Suzie pose as a model. Having Suzie as a model entails having her ex-boyfriend (Michael Wilding) crying on his shoulder; also having Suzie as a model makes it hard for him to put her out of his room. Suzie keeps insisting she's a good girl who took up her trade because it's a respectable Oriental custom. Holden would like to believe her since he's falling in love with her. But, after all, she's Chinese and it never occurred to him that he'd marry a girl of her race. And she has a baby (which she didn't mention) and there's that lovely Sylvia. The exteriors were filmed in Hong Kong—a place that "sparkles," says the studio cast sheet, "with life and vitality; it is opulent and poverty-stricken, an orchid on a volcano; eye-filling, ear-splitting, nose-assailing,"—and all in Technicolor, on a wide screen.—PARAMOUNT.

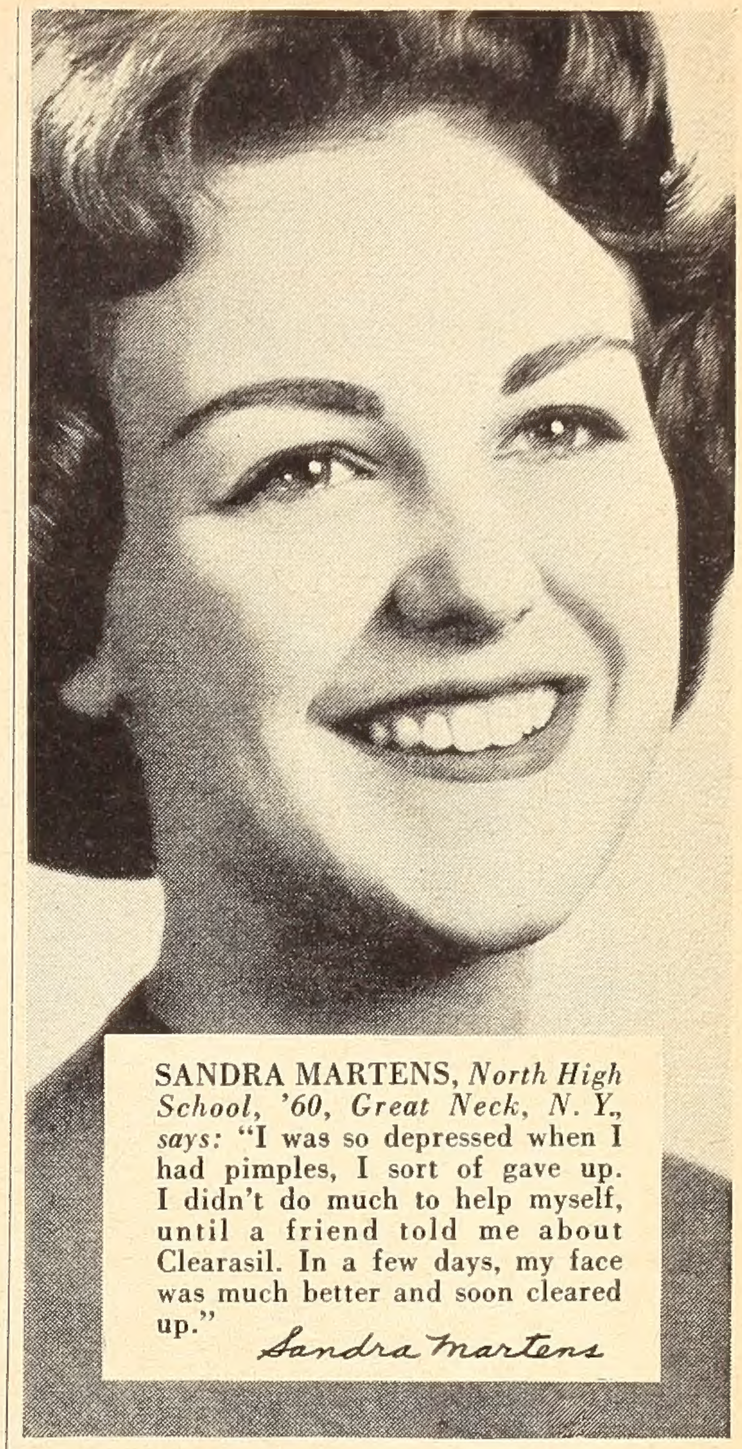
THE SAVAGE INNOCENTS

Anthony Quinn
Yoko Tani
Carlo Guistini
Marco Guglielmi
Peter O'Toole

life among the Eskimos

▪ *The Savage Innocents* is an unintentionally brutal film. Its aim is to dramatize a little known segment of the world—life among the Polar Eskimos. In this sense it has the fascination of a documentary. Isolated, primitive, the Polar Eskimos' world is bounded by the igloo, dependent on the hunt, necessarily devoid of the humanizing aspects of easier societies. A nod of consent gets a man a wife, a rare visit from a friend prompts the husband to gladly offer his wife as a "laughing" companion. As Inuk, Anthony Quinn certainly gives a convincing performance. He's self-sufficient, strong but lonely and yearns for a wife. The arrival of two sisters and their old mother at a friend's igloo fills him with glee. He can't decide which one to marry. When the bachelor friend decisively mushes off with one of the girls Quinn thinks that's the girl he wants. Catching up to the bridal pair he realizes he's mistaken. The brutality of the film arises when the Eskimo world merges with the world of the white trader. Learning that the white man will pay with a gun for fox skins, Quinn stops hunting bear and walrus and accumulates hundreds of fox skins. With his wife he travels six months to reach the trading post. There he meets "civilized" Eskimos in western dress, is introduced to the drafts of a wooden shack, the raucous noise of a juke box, the debasing effects of alcohol, the sordid atmosphere that symbolizes the white man's world. There, too, he is spotted by a missionary of the most earnest and fatuous kind who visits Quinn and his wife in their igloo and attempts to convince them that they are sinners who must repent to be saved. Confused and angered by what he considers an insult (the missionary refuses to accept his wife as a "laughing" companion), Quinn accidentally kills the missionary and becomes an outlaw. Some fascinating scenery and probably accurate information about the

(Continued on page 8)



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LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

PAULETTE GODDARD:



no snob, she!

The reporter was frantic.

He'd come from an out-of-town paper, especially to do an exclusive interview with Paulette Goddard. They'd had an elegant luncheon in a famous restaurant and he'd filled his notebook with copious notes on her charm, her glamour, on the exciting life she lived, on her fabled furs and jewels and works of art. Miss Goddard had been so co-operative. What a story he'd turn in!

What made the biggest impression was that along with her sophistication, her glamour, she seemed somehow down-to-earth. She had a quality that made her seem . . . well, "like everybody else." She'd probably answered most of the questions he'd asked, time and time before, but she never appeared bored.

Now as he sat down at the typewriter, in his hotel room, container of coffee at hand, ready to begin, he reached for his notes and knocked the coffee all over them. He grabbed them up, but too late—about half were unreadable. Well, he could do most of it from memory, she'd made such an impression on him, but those names: Those painters, those places all over the world where she'd traveled, those people from the international set who came to her parties. . . . How could he ever get *those* straight?

Yes, he'd just have to call her. He hated to bother her, but she'd been so nice, so sincere-seeming, and it was just a few—but very important —names he needed. Lucky he knew a newsman in town who kept a list of celebrities' unlisted telephones and addresses, or he'd really be stuck. Meanwhile, he'd better tell the maid about the coffee on the rug. . . .

The maid came in just as he was putting in his call to the big-city newspaper where his friend worked. She began straightening up the room as he said pleadingly into the phone, "He's out on an assignment? Look, could you do me a favor—I know he keeps a list of hard-to-get numbers and addresses of important people—this is an emergency and I just must reach Paulette Goddard. It practically means my job. That's right, Paulette Goddard. Yeah, I'll wait. . . ."

A few moments later he groaned, anguished, "You mean, there's nothing . . . you're sure? . . . Paulette Goddard? . . . you're *sure* there's no listing for her?"

He hung up and glared at his notes in despair.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder. It was the maid. "Excuse me, but I couldn't help overhearin' you, and well, I figured why not look in the telephone book, like everybody else." She put the book in front of him and pointed. "Would this be what you're lookin' for?"

And there it was, right there in the book: Paulette Goddard, 320 E. 57, PLaza 9-4233.

Like he always said, nothing snobbish about Miss Goddard!

new movies

(Continued from page 7)

Eskimo can't erase the overall sense of depression this film instills.—TECHNICOLOR, PARAMOUNT.

BUTTERFIELD 8

Elizabeth Taylor
Laurence Harvey
Dina Merrill
Eddie Fisher
Mildred Dunnock

modern tragedy

▪ Dial "Butterfield 8" and you get Gloria (Elizabeth Taylor). If the phone didn't ring she'd go out of her mind. Fortunately, that's no problem. Elizabeth is beautiful—all men want her, all women hate her—especially Laurence Harvey's wife. But that's getting ahead of the story. Elizabeth is the way she is because her father died when she was eleven and her mother, with whom she lives, is too vague and weak to face reality. Elizabeth's one good friend is Steve (Eddie Fisher) whom she loves in a platonic way. That's fortunate, because Eddie has a girlfriend whom he eventually decides to marry. Meanwhile, there is Laurence Harvey. He was a law student who gave up his ambition to marry a rich girl (Dina Merrill) and be taken into the family's business. It has taken a lot out of him and he toys with the idea of getting a divorce. Luckily he doesn't do more than toy because Dina wouldn't give him a divorce. Harvey has noticed Elizabeth a lot in the nightclubs he and his friends frequent and finally he's introduced to her. They fall in love. Things progress more or less smoothly until Liz leaves his apartment with Dina's mink coat on her back and refuses to return it. Laurence is so angry he stops seeing her; Eddie has just gotten married. Mink coat or not, Elizabeth is very depressed—so she heads for Montreal. Laurence follows her, protesting his love and announcing that he'll get a divorce. Splendid. Only Elizabeth is turning over a new leaf; she doesn't want to spend the night with him. Disappointed, Laurence launches into a tirade and Elizabeth dashes out of his room and into the path of disaster. A strong screen-play by Charles Schnee and John Michael Hayes. —METROCOLOR, MGM.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

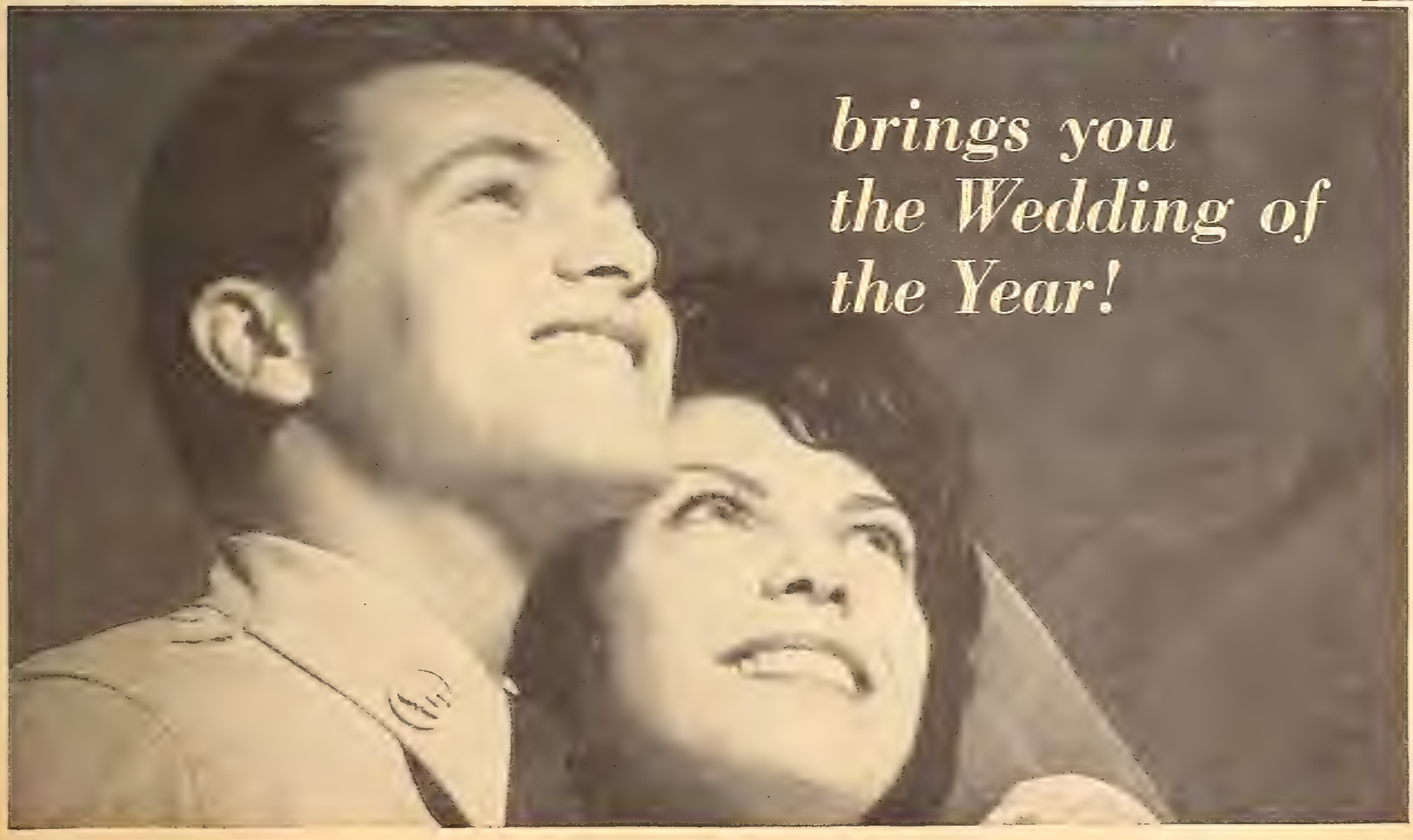
LET'S MAKE LOVE (20th-Fox): Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand are several of the ingredients that get whipped together in this frothy comedy. He is a somewhat bored I-can-have-any-girl-I-want billionaire (that's right, billionaire!), and she is a somewhat earnest off-Broadway actress; but, when once they meet, no one is bored. Montand accidentally gets hired for Marilyn's show, which just happens to be about him anyway, and he has to hire great showbusiness lights (Milton Berle, Gene Kelly, Bing Crosby) to teach him of life behind the footlights. This is a slick movie and a fun one!

LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH (Columbia): The big question in this movie is whether a boy from the seamy South Side of Chicago, with a "B" girl for a mother and a father who died in the electric chair, can make good. The boy is Jimmy Darren, the mother is Shelley Winters, and the motley, less-than-solid citizens who make up their "adopted" family are dope-addicted singer Ella Fitzgerald, alcoholic ex-judge Burl Ives, a prostitute and an ex-fighter. A good romance come to Jimmy (with Jean Seberg) and a bad one to Shelley (with Ricardo Montalban): from these two loves come many complications. The end is tense—a photo-finish between the good life and the bad for our hero.

MIDNIGHT LACE (U.I.): London is a cosmopolitan city, full of suspense (all that fog, y'know). But, it's positively spine-tingling for Doris Day who fearfully tells her suave financier husband (Rex Harrison) that someone is trying to kill her. Voices out of the fog warning her, elevators suddenly stalling, steel girders nearly falling on her—these are some of the dangers menacing Doris. John Gavin saves her from one fate worse than death, Roddy McDowall adds to the threat of another, and husband Rex promises to take her to Venice where she will be safe. I mean, who can harm you in a gondola? Who? Go see!

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

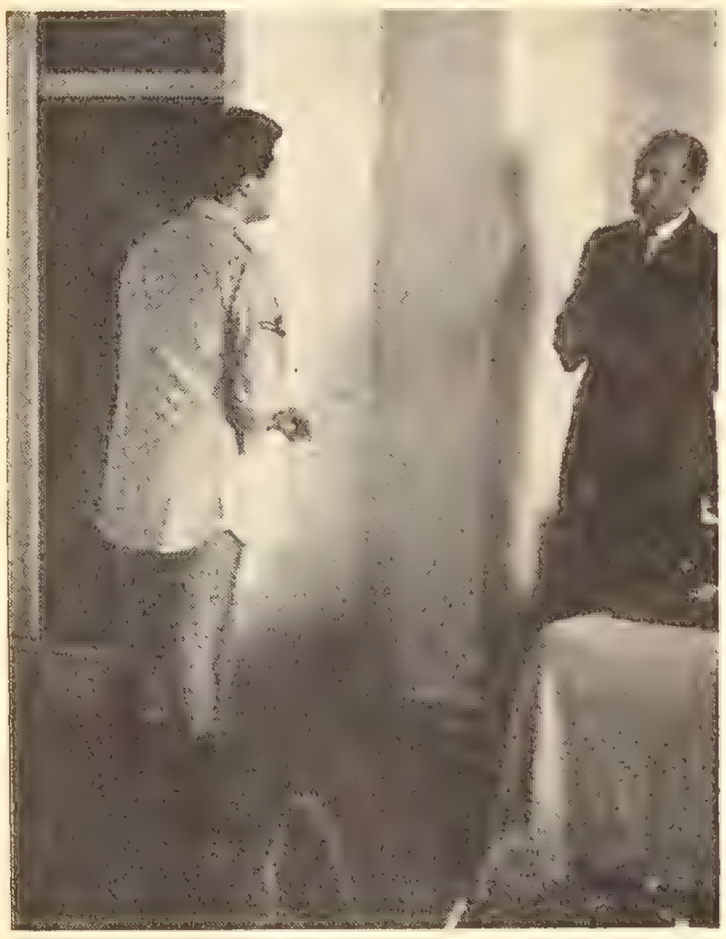


Nancy and Tommy: The Wedding of the Year!



After she'd seen the thrilling vision of her white lace gown, hanging in the bridal suite closet, an excited Nancy had to make a last minute call.

What do I mean 'Wedding of the Month?' The most romantic marriage of this or any other year took place when radiantly happy Nancy Sinatra, just twenty, married **Tommy Sands**, an older man of twenty-three in the Emerald Room of her dad's favorite spot, the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas.



A bemused Tommy nearly wore wrong pants, was saved by best man.

I was so sorry that work prevented my being among the thirty-five guests present, because I have watched this lovely girl grow up. But I didn't have a moment's doubt that she'd phone me right after the ceremony and give me all the details.

Nancy and Tommy's sudden decision that they were too much in love to wait for their original late winter wedding date had everybody hustling.

Private planes had to be chartered to fly the wedding party to Nevada. Don Loper had to rush Nancy's traditional white gown, which was made of white appliqued French lace, with a high boat neck, long sleeves and a bouffant skirt. At the Emerald Room, they had approximately six seconds to turn it into a wonderful garden abloom with roses, carnations, gladioli and chrysanthemums.

Jack Entratter, who owns the Sands, rushed around with the secret plans, and took over ordering the wedding cake, which was carefully left anonymous until I broke with the story that shattered all this secrecy to bits. In all this rush, even the bridegroom nearly went to the altar wearing the wrong trousers to his airman's uniform. He was only saved from this fate worse than court martial by his alert-eyed half-brother, Dr. Edward Deam.

Eddie, who was also Tommy's best man, spotted the error, got Tommy's correct pants, pressed them himself, and helped hurl Tommy into them about one minute before 4:00 P.M., when District Judge David Zenoff stepped forward to conduct the ceremony.

Nancy held her proud little head high as her father gave her away, and believe me, I never expected to see sentimental tears in Frank's eyes, but they tell me I would have seen them then.



A tender picture: Nancy's mother watches her veil being placed.

The lovely bride wore a white satin toque with a short illusion veil over her dark hair, and she wouldn't have been her dad's daughter if she hadn't managed to be original, even when she was following tradition. Proof is the "something old" she wore with her bridal outfit.

This was a pair of real lace panties, which were, of course, not visible. Nancy had cherished these since she was twelve, when she had received them as a Christmas present. Even at that pre-teen age, she knew they were too fragile and valuable to wear for any routine occasion. So for eight years she treasured them for her dream wedding, and when the dream came true, the pants got their chance.



A smiling Beth Petruch, Nancy's chum and maid of honor, wore pink.



Nancy Sinatra, Sr., and Tommy's mother happily hugged each other.

Tommy and Nancy gave Louella this photo scoop, the only shots taken of the actual ceremony. Aren't they lovely?





The most solemn moment—a man placing the ring on the finger of his beloved, the woman to love and honor above all others.

Nancy and Tommy stood tall, heads high, as they listened to the ceremony, sure and happy in their love for each other.

Frank's gentle smile reflects how proud he was to escort his young daughter. Later, his eyes filled with sentimental tears.



With this ring...

I thee wed...

Young,
beautiful and
so much
in love,
for Tommy
and Nancy,
life is
just beginning.



After her first dance with Tommy, Nancy danced with Frank as a fond daughter.



And then, bridal veil lifted, vows exchanged, Tommy kissed his bride.

Her "something borrowed" was her sister Tina's pearls. For "something blue" she wore a blue silk garter that her closest school chum, Beth Potruch, had given her. Beth was Nancy's maid of honor, wearing a pink chiffon, full skirted dress, also designed by Don Loper, with a matching toque. Beth carried a pink and white bouquet and all the members of the bridal party had pink and white matching corsages, while Nancy's bride's bouquet was entirely made up of the most magnificent white orchids.

In the immediate wedding party were all the family,—**Frank Sinatra** and Nancy, Senior, Frankie, Jr., and Tina, the family's private secretary, Gloria Lovell, and Jack and Mrs. Entratter. Tommy had his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Sands, there, his half-brother and his wife, and Ted Wick, his personal manager. But if the ceremony was simple, the reception afterward was not.

The moment the doors of the Emerald Room in the Sands Hotel were opened, the crowd swarmed in. The champagne began to flow. In one corner, the orchestra of Jonah Jones started playing. In another, Morry King and his violins began individual serenades. Such baseball heroes as Joe DiMaggio and Leo Durocher crowded around young Nancy, congratulating her and Tommy, and being properly bedazzled by the priceless diamond earrings her father, Frank, has given her, and the exquisite pear shaped diamond on the platinum chain that Tommy had presented to his bride.

Nancy had given a wafer-thin evening watch to Tommy—but not without difficulties, and not without her father's assistance. The watch which Nancy eventually purchased was a duplicate of one Frank has, and which young Nancy has always admired. If you want to

know the truth of it, there's nothing about her father that Nancy doesn't dote on, and that goes double as far as Frank's love for her is concerned.

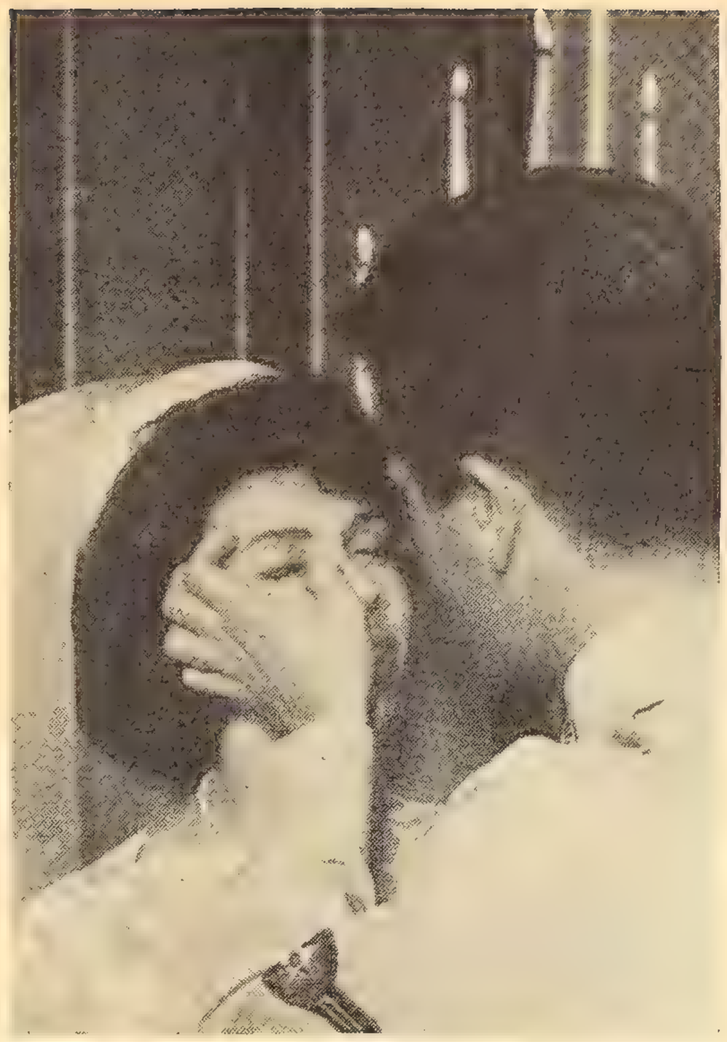
This may sound sentimental to you, but I can't help it. I honestly believe that some of Frank's love of his oldest daughter stems from his memory of the unspoiled time in his life when she was born.

He wasn't *the* Frank Sinatra then. He and his young bride, Nancy, were so in love. They were having a rough time, financially, but nothing mattered less to them then than money. They had occasional opulent weeks when Frank made a whole $25. They had other weeks when it was a good thing they were Italians and loved spaghetti, for which they couldn't even afford meat balls. Little Nancy was born during this happy time. By the time, Frank, Jr. came along, fame was rolling for Frankie. By the time Tina was born, the Sinatra marriage was all but over. Say what you want about Frank, he has always been a wonderful father to his children, all of whom he loves, but little Nancy is definitely the flawless apple of his eye.

Thus, when just before her wedding she confided to her father that she had unavailingly hunted all over Los Angeles for a watch like his for her bridegroom, Daddy went into action. It was after hours in the jewelry shops but a thing like that can't stop a devoted father named Sinatra. Frankie had them all opened up, or perhaps I ought to say love laughed at locksmiths. Anyhow, Tommy got his watch.

It was Frank, Sr. who expressed it best when Tommy took Nancy into his arms for their first dance together as Mr. and Mrs. Sands. "Stardust," murmured Frank, looking at their radiantly happy faces, and I'm sure he was proud of his daughter and his new son-in-law, when he noted how politely they were behaving, even at this most bemused moment of their young lives.

Because, once around the floor, Nancy and



The groom lightly brushed a tear of happiness from his wife's cheek.

Tommy, very correctly separated, and Tommy stepped across the room to dance with the mother of the bride and Nancy with the father of the groom. Then they switched again, Tommy dancing with his mother, Grace, and Nancy with her father. Then as they separated from those partners, the dramatic moment came.

Frank Sinatra stood there, facing his ex-wife, Nancy. It certainly can be no secret to him that she still loves him, and on this particular day, she looked very beautiful. She was wearing a gold satin dress, with a matching mink-collared jacket. Near her stood lively Tina Sinatra, wearing a yellow organza dress that was the prettiest. At her side was Frank, Jr. who is a double of his father and who seems to have inherited his musical talent to an extent that may well make him surpass the original.

There's no telling what Frank must have been thinking as he looked at Nancy, Senior. He's always told everyone how great a mother he thinks her. But I'm sure there were other, deeper emotions in that wandering heart of his, there at his daughter's wedding. Later that night in the Copa Room at the Sands he told the audience, "I'd like to take just two minutes to say I am one of the happiest men in the world today. My daughter, Nancy, married a wonderful fellow named Tommy Sands and I wish them all the happiness they both deserve so much."

He said nothing like that, however, as he danced at the reception with Nancy, Sr. What was touching to the observers was that they both smiled and talked so lightly, not like lost sweethearts but with the careful good manners of any lady and gentleman dancing together at any party. Besides, they have always remained good friends, and Frank is very generous with her.

It was Frank, with his characteristic smoothness who, somehow right then, threw the party open to everyone. **Gary Crosby** was there with his bride and he started dancing. In an instant, everyone was on the floor, dancing with whomever they chose and protocol was forgotten. People smiled at one another, repeating young Nancy's remarks about how she had to start furnishing Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Sands' apartment immediately after their one-day honeymoon.

That was all the time Tommy could get off until his separation from the Army in November, after which the blissful couple are going on a real honeymoon trip to the Orient.

Said Nancy, her eyes shining like star sapphires, "I have to learn to cook and to keep house. After all, I'm a married woman now. I'm Mrs. Tommy Sands. That's a lot to live up to."



The gorgeous tiered wedding cake was cut carefully by Tommy and Nancy, to insure future good luck.



Then . . . Nancy and Tommy were alone; time belonged only to them.



Rita's Daughters

Little Princess Yasmin, daughter of **Rita Hayworth** and the late Aly Khan, will be a very rich girl when she reaches the age of twenty-one. Aly adored his beautiful little daughter, and very touchingly in his will told his two sons to give her love and protection always.

Yasmin, who lives with her mother, is a whiz at playing golf. Her step-father, Jim Hill, the producer, tells me that she beats him at the game regularly. Rita adores golf and there is practically not a day goes by but that she is on the links.

Rebecca, Rita's daughter by **Orson Welles**, has taken off some of her baby fat and is growing tall and attractive. There is a great devotion between the half-sisters even if they are so completely unlike one another both in looks and temperament. Rita is a wonderful mother to both of them.



A whiz at golf, young Princess Yasmin's first love is still her pony.

I nominate for STARDOM

Juliet Prowse

When **Barrie Chase**, **Fred Astaire**'s favorite dancing partner, walked out on *Can-Can* because she felt the role was too small for her, she couldn't foresee that two characters would be merged into one very strong one.

Neither could Twentieth Century-Fox foresee when they signed an unknown leggy girl named **Juliet Prowse** on the recommendation of Hermes Pan, the choreographer, that they were signing a girl headed for stardom and **Frank Sinatra**'s heart.

Juliet isn't a bit beautiful. By most standards, she's too tall. But in her 34-24-35 way, she has what it takes, by which I mean sex, humor and a joy of living that blazed right past the distinguished company of Frank, **Shirley MacLaine** and **Maurice Chevalier** in *Can-Can* and just about knocked **Elvis** out of his G. I. shoes in *G. I. Blues*.

Elvis was dating her, all during the making of his picture but make no mistake: her heart belongs to Frankie. Paramount, after seeing Juliet in it, is willing to pay a mint to buy her from Twentieth, but Twentieth is not listening.

Juliet Prowse is her real name and she was born twenty-three years ago of English parents in Bombay, India. She's danced ever since she was three, has always been a hit, has traveled all over the world but has always been too busy to marry, but she has a boy friend in Italy, Sergio Fadini about whom she is quite serious—or was, at least until she met an Italian in America, named Sinatra.

For her originality, her chic, her impudence, her ability as an actress, I nominate her for stardom and of a very high grade, too.

Jean Is Dining Out...

Whether or not it will be wedding bells for producer-director Richard Brooks and **Jean Simmons** when her divorce from **Stewart Granger** becomes final, I wouldn't be knowing. I do know that Jean took a somewhat unique method of letting Hollywood know how deep her interest was in Brooks, whom she met during the making of *Elmer Gantry*.

She phoned me and several other columnists and said, "I want you to know that I shall be dining tonight at "Au Petit Jean" with Richard Brooks and that after this I expect to go out with Mr. Brooks and other escorts."

Nobody has yet seen anything of these "other escorts" and I doubt that we will. Stewart Granger, by the by, is very bitter over the whole thing.



A newly-divorced Jean Simmons had a unique method of announcing that director Richard Brooks would be a rather constant future escort.



Lana Turner seems so happy these days because she's found Fred May; not only will he be a loving husband, but a good father for Cheryl, too.

Lana and the Right Man

I was very pleased that Fred May called me personally to tell me he was marrying **Lana Turner**. I do think that at long last Lana has found the right man, not only for herself but for Cheryl who definitely comes first in all of Lana's thoughts and plans these days.

It was Fred himself, who is such a nice, sincere man, who told me that before Lana would consent to marrying him she discussed the whole situation with her daughter. He confided to me that Lana had said that if Cheryl didn't approve of him as her step-father, everything would be off between them.

But Cheryl, who is being allowed to live with Lana now, and who is growing prettier every day, highly approved of Fred, and she is so right. Fred May is a man of real substance, not only in terms of his fine character but he is also rich and mature enough to appreciate the demands of Lana's career.

I'm certainly wishing all three of them happiness. Lana and Cheryl have had a very rough time but their troubles have only made them love one another with deeper understanding.

Winter Wedding Bells for Debbie

Debbie Reynolds will marry Harry Karl. She dates no one else and as she says herself she likes him better than any man she has ever met.

"Harry is a fine man," Debbie told me. "He makes me very happy. He's good to my children and he is wonderful to my mother and father and my brother. He has given me lovely presents but it isn't because of material things that I have come to be so fond of him.

"I have all the money I want to buy myself gowns and jewels. What is important to me is that I have a real home and someone who will love my children and I think Harry and I would be very happy."

Knowing Debbie, I know she'll do nothing about marriage till late this winter, when Harry's divorce from Mrs. Joan Cohn becomes final, but then you can start listening for wedding bells.



Wedding bells will sound for Debbie when Harry Karl is divorced.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



A youthful, lovely Greer Garson is proof that maturity doesn't hurt!





An older reader believes that fan-magazine neglect of such mature stars as Barbara Stanwyck and Shirley Booth damages the movie business.



And Spencer Tracy is another long established star who holds on to his fans.



Louella certainly doesn't dislike reader's favorite pop singer, Rod Lauren!



LETTER BOX

"Have just seen POLLYANNA *and enjoyed it so much, I felt I should sit down and write you. It was because of your article that I wanted to see it, and* POLLYANNA *did exactly what you said it would. It entertained, put a tear in your eye, a smile on your face, and a song in your heart. Why can't we have more films of this nature? It's just what the world needs today, instead of violence, depression, sex and murder.* Signed: F. EWING FOLSOM.

How right you are, F. Ewing Folsom.

MRS. ARTHUR WHITE of CASPER, WYOMING, writes: *I'd like to add my voice to the ever increasing chorus of protests about the lack of movie stars in* MODERN SCREEN. *I've been a reader since 1938, and how long has it been since* MODERN SCREEN *did a story on* ***Spencer Tracy, Greer Garson, Barbara Stanwyck, Shirley Booth, Katharine Hepburn, Ann Sheridan, Linda Darnell, Bette Davis, Fred MacMurray,*** *or any of the mature actors and actresses? I know these people are not dead. Tell me, Louella, do I have a point, or am I just an old fogey living in the past? I sincerely believe that this program of neglecting the stars of Hollywood is seriously hurting the motion picture business.*

I guess you do have a point, Mrs. White. We do try to write about both the older and the younger stars, since our readers seem to like all categories.

ELIZABETH JEAN BRADY of AUSTIN IOWA, snaps: *I would like to see you print something about* ***Steve Elliot****. To me he is a top singer in show business. And why do you neglect* ***Rod Lauren****? Why, why, why don't you tell us something about* ***Robert Fortier****, who is starring in CBS's* THE FULL CIRCLE? *Is it because they are young, or do you dislike them?*

No, indeed, Miss Brady. I may be a little jealous, but I certainly don't dislike them.

What are ***Rock Hudson****'s favorite foods, colors, pastimes, and what kind of car does he drive?* asks MARGARET SANFILIPPO, of BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. Then goes on to ask, *What is the truth behind the Lucy-Desi split-up?*

Dear, dear Margaret: I would have to fill the magazine if I answered all those questions, and I don't think Editor David Myers would like it. I'll try to answer your letter soon. . .

From MARY WESTON, of DETROIT, MICHIGAN, comes a very nice compliment. She writes, *I enjoy your column more than anyone else's, and 'I Nominate For Stardom' is one of my favorite features. What I like best is that you never take cracks at* ***Marilyn Monroe,*** *so will you please assure me that all that gossip about Marilyn and* ***Yves Montand*** *is not true?"*

Read my interview in MODERN SCREEN with Montand (see page 24). Mary, and I'll tell you all. . . .

Louella O. Parsons



And what stirred up this lovely storm? SWEET MUSIC*, the bra with the *spoke-stitched* cups for fashion's newest "rounded look". A, B, C cups, 2.50. *Also* in the SWEET MUSIC family tree: SWEET MUSIC CONTOUR, A, B cups, 3.95; SWEET MUSIC *LACE* CONTOUR, A, B cups, 3.95; SWEET MUSIC *ELASTIC*, A, B, C cups, 3.00.

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change



your lips

as smoothly

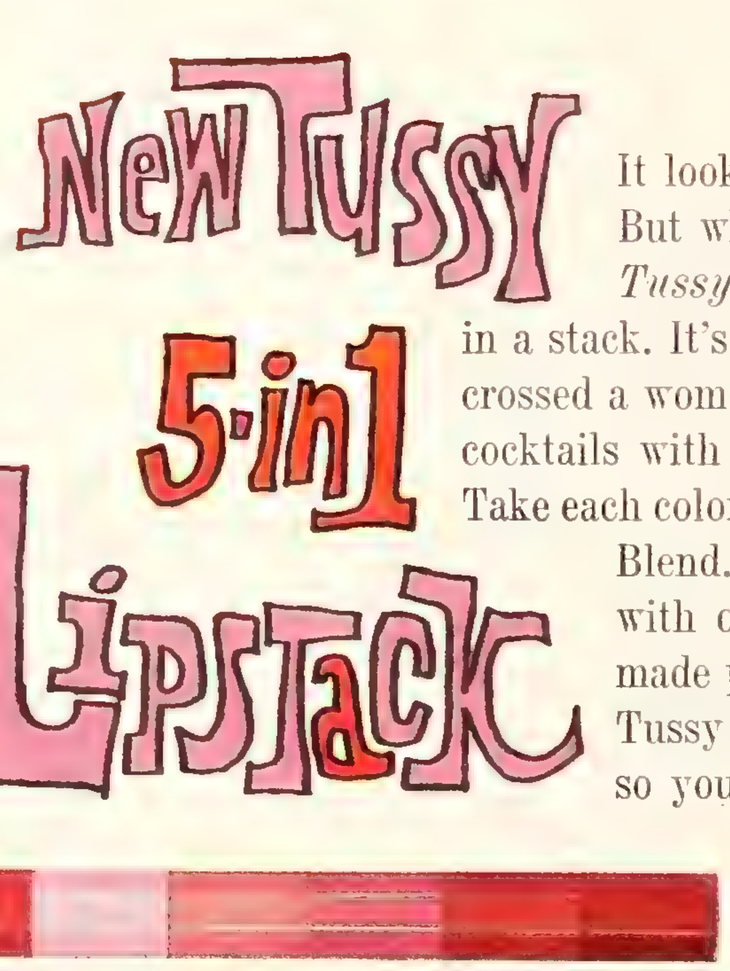


as you change

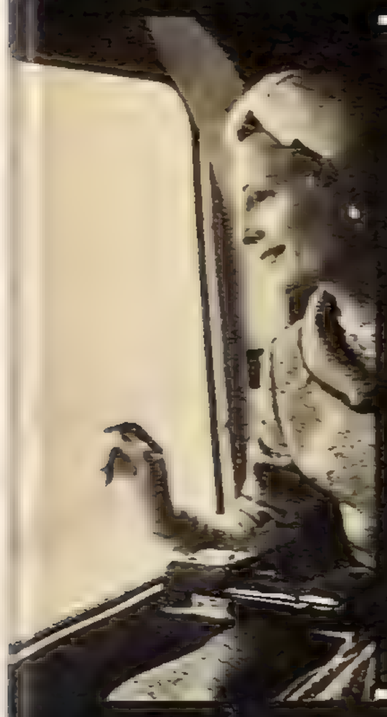


the subject





It looks like lipstick. It feels like lipstick. It is lipstick. But what a difference an A makes. Lipst*a*ck. Lipst*a*ck. *Tussy Lipstack* is more than five shy lipsticks nestled in a stack. It's the most blatant bit of encouragement that ever crossed a woman's lips—with the possible exception of *yes*. Mix cocktails with Contraband. Walk Youngtime Pink in the park. Take each color as it comes. Be brave. Be bold. Experiment. Mix. Blend. Have fun. Dream. Scheme. *Cream* all your lips with one Tussy Lipstack. Five out-and-out suggestions made proper with Perma-Dew, the softening secret only Tussy knows. Five lingering lipsticks in one lithe lipstack so you can change your lips as smoothly, as slyly—as deftly, as *endearingly* as you change the subject. All for a mere $1.75 plus tax at stores smart enough to know what's on a woman's mind and what should be on her lips. © 1960 TUSSY, 445 PARK AVE., N. Y.



THE CASE OF THELMA RYAN THE STARLET WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT

Years ago a slim, pretty young blonde went to Hollywood with dreams of stardom in her heart. Like most starlets, she dreamed of going into a darkened theater one day and seeing herself up there on the screen; and she dreamed of going to a magazine stand, picking up a copy of Modern Screen and seeing her own picture there, in full color! As it turned out, this slim little blonde named Thelma Ryan had to quickly abandon her dream. She just didn't make it as an actress. Oh well, she would marry, raise a family, and lead a normal life. But again Thelma Ryan was wrong: though she married and had two wonderful little girls, her life was hardly normal, for the man she married was a lawyer named Dick Nixon. Now, in the crazy way that destiny often works, Thelma Ryan's old abandoned dream of being a star in Modern Screen has come true. There she is (in full color, too) on the following page! A surprise for her, certainly, and probably a surprise for you too—but the kind of surprise you can expect more and more of in this magazine. For Modern Screen is not just another monthly collection of articles about top box-office-rated male and female "properties"—Modern Screen is a magazine of people, the magazine of people, real people, exciting people, people caught in the ocean of experience at high tide, stars not only of the screen but of life itself, stars like Mrs. Richard (Thelma Ryan) Nixon and Mrs. John (Jacqueline Bouvier) Kennedy, who open this issue of Modern Screen because right now, despite everything that's happening to Liz and Debbie and Marilyn, they happen to be the two most exciting and excited women in the whole wide world! Do you agree? Do you want more surprises like this in Modern Screen? Turn the pages, read the stories of Pat and Jackie, and then let us hear from you.

Sincerely,

David Myers

David Myers
Editor



■ Pat Ryan was seventeen, the daughter of a Nevada miner, when she went to Hollywood. She was full of hope and dreams. She stayed for a month. It was a disillusioning experience. She got one job, as a walk-on in a picture called *Becky Sharp*. She got twenty-five dollars for the job. But after that, there were no more jobs to be had. And one day, after a lifetime of dreaming, she decided to give up her "career" and become what she knew both her parents had always really wanted her to become. She would be a teacher.

She worked her way through college, as a librarian, a countergirl, a bookkeeper, a typist, an X-ray technician. And when, finally, she graduated, she got a job as commercial subjects teacher in the California town of Whittier, just outside Los Angeles. She became, quickly, this thin and pretty blonde, one of the most popular teachers at the school, and one of the most popular young ladies in town.

She dated lots, those who knew her recall. It seemed for sure at one time that she would marry a certain very good-looking merchant in town.

But then she met the young lawyer, and then her heart began to shift affections.

Not rapidly; not at all rapidly. Local gossip has it that while the lawyer was head over heels in love with Pat, she herself played it slowly,

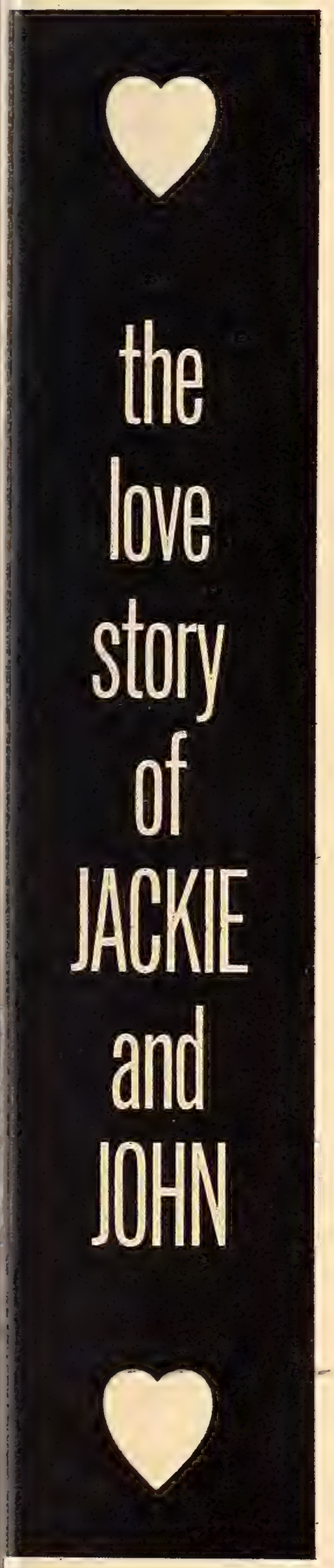
the love story of PAT and DICK ♥

coyly, even teasingly at first.

"There's a story," she said recently, "that my husband, before we were married, would drive me to dates with other young men in Los Angeles and then would wait around to drive me home . . . That's true," she laughed, "but I think it's awful mean to report it."

One night, however, after about six months of indecisive going-together, Pat's pet collie died suddenly and when the young lawyer phoned to ask if he might take her out, she wept into the phone: "No, no, I don't want to see anybody ever again!" (*Continued on page 61*)





■ It was a night in 1951. Jacqueline Bouvier was twenty-one. She lived in Washington, D. C., and worked as a reporter-photographer on the *Times-Herald*. She had the reputation of being one of the prettiest, quietest and best-dressed young women in the capital, and (because of her job, mostly) of always arriving late at parties. She arrived late, as usual, this night.

"I wish you'd hurried it up a bit, Jackie," her hostess said, taking her coat. "There was a young man I wanted you to meet. And now *you're* here and *he* has to leave."

"Who has to leave?" Jackie asked, politely, if not with much curiosity.

"*Him,*" the hostess said, a flutter in her voice, as she indicated a tall, sandy-haired, good-looking young man who stood on crutches on the other side of the room.

Jackie recognized "him" immediately as Jack Kennedy—Congressman, candidate for the Senate, Purple Heart hero (he'd injured his spine, badly, in World War II).

"Come on," said the hostess to Jackie, taking her arm, "at least you two can get to say hello. . . ."

Jackie blushed as Jack looked her in the eye.

"I don't mean this as a line, Miss Bouvier," he said, beginning their first talk together, "—but haven't we met before?"

"Well, sort of," said Jackie. "That is, I covered a press conference you once gave. There were about fifty reporters. You shook hands with most of them. But you only got to nod at me."

"Bad luck for my side," said Jack, beginning to laugh. "I—" he started then.

But at that moment someone came over to him and whispered something.

"No," Jack said.

"Yeah," said the other party, pointing to his watch.

"I'm sorry," Jack said, turning back to Jackie. "I don't want to go, but I've got to."

"Of course," said Jackie.

(*Continued on page 54*)

THE LOVE-SCANDAL OF THE DECADE

AND HERE IS THE UNVARNISHED TRUTH STRAIGHT FROM THE LIPS OF "THE OTHER MAN"......

In an exclusive interview for Modern Screen with Louella Parsons, Hollywood's greatest reporter, Yves Montand, for the first time anywhere, frankly tells all about his "love affair" with Marilyn Monroe

"I more than "like" Marilyn. I tell you this because I trust you, Madame. She is an enchanting child. And I won't say that if I had been free I wouldn't have fallen in love with her.

"But for eleven years I have been married to a wonderful, understanding woman. Simone and I have been very happy. There will be no divorce."

The speaker was Yves Montand, the fascinating Frenchman with the overabundance of sex appeal, the man for whom "all" women fall with a more resounding crash than for any male since Rudolph Valentino held sway with his animal-masculinity.

But it was not about "all" the women falling for Yves that had brought him to my house at the early hour of eleven o'clock in the morning on a sunlit day of early September. It was the avalanche of gossip about "one woman" supposedly falling for him–Marilyn Monroe, who else?

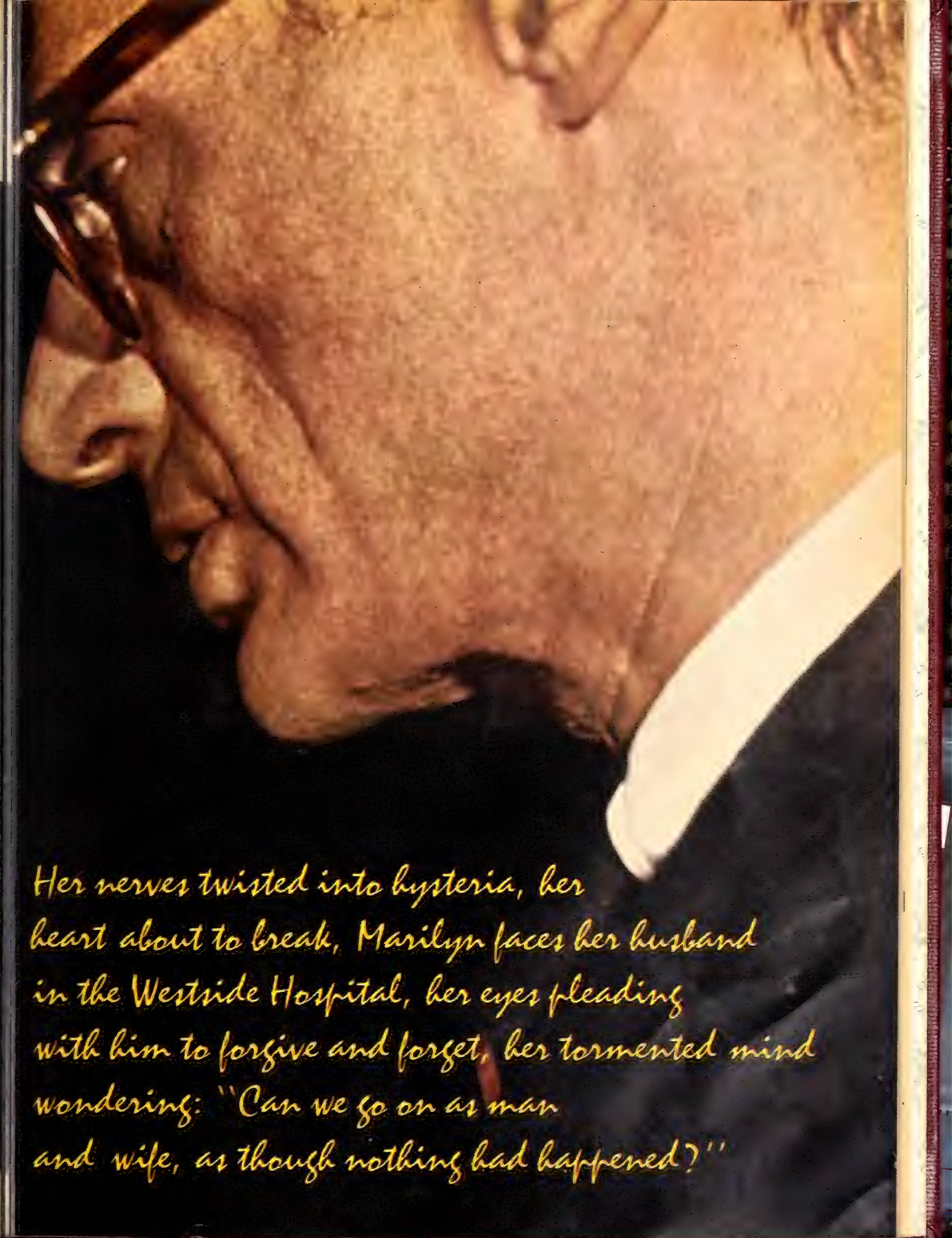
(Continued on next page)



HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST LOVE-SCANDAL (CONTINUED)

But even at this unlikely coffee-break hour, the devastating M. Montand was the complete charmer, his correct grooming of a business suit and evidence of a fresh shave, failing to disguise his attractive all-male virility. No wonder the women in (Continued on page 72)




Her nerves twisted into hysteria, her
heart about to break, Marilyn faces her husband
in the Westside Hospital, her eyes pleading
with him to forgive and forget, her tormented mind
wondering: "Can we go on as man
and wife, as though nothing had happened?"

HAYLEY

She was twelve years old. And she had been awake all night pondering her future. Ever since she was a very little girl, friends of her daddy used to pick her up on their laps—and say: "And what are you going to be when *you* grow up?" Her answer was alway the same. "I'm going to be a *mother* when I grow up." "And that's all?" "That's all." But the night before she wondered whether that was *all* she wanted to be—really.

For Hayley, the baby daughter of

(Continued on page 73)



a last minute on the eve of from Marie Mc of Harry Karl his children



letter to Debbie

her wedding ---

Donald, ex-wife

and mother of

Dear Debbie:-

I have heard that you are going to marry Harry Karl, and I want to wish you happiness on the eve of your marriage to my ex-husband.

I was married to Harry for twelve years. Harry has some fine qualities. But like most husbands, he has his shortcomings and needs a certain kind of understanding. I am sure no woman knows Harry as I do. I was married to him twice. Debbie, if you know just what I went through when I was his wife, I believe you'll learn how to handle him so that you won't have the heartaches I had. You yourself, Debbie, have gone through the unhappiness of one divorce and you deserve a happy marriage. That is why I am telling you the intimate story of my married life with Harry Karl.

I first met Harry about thirteen (Continued on page 57)

I WAS TOO POOR TO HAVE

DREAMS

Blindly, David Janssen
groped through
his lifetime for
a woman, a love
and a friend

It was three years ago.

David Janssen was a bachelor then.

He was lonely. He was unhappy.

"Booze, broads and borrowing," he once said, "and not exactly in that order—that's the story of my young life."

He was only twenty-seven three years ago, but he'd been around Hollywood for such a long time by then that he knew all the answers, all the inside



DAVID JANSSEN
(continued)

"AS A CHILD, LOST IN MY MOTHER'S DREAM, I NEVER THOUGHT TO ASK IF THERE WAS ANYTHING IN LIFE I WANTED."





stories, all the shenanigans and counter-shenanigans. And you'd have thought he was an old man had you been able not to look at him but to read his mind instead.

Nobody out-and-out accused David Janssen of being a wise-guy; at least, not to his face. But he was considered cynical, to say the least. He had few, very few, friends. He found it hard to trust people. He found it hard to get to know them. He found it hard to talk to them.

He was on his way up as far as his career was concerned. He was the star of his own TV show. He was getting five-hundred to a thousand fan letters a week. Everybody was nuts about *Richard Diamond, Private Eye* and the guy who played him. Producers were dickering with his agent about good fat parts in several good fat movies.

And yet, somehow, David Janssen was unhappy.

What was missing?

A wife?

He'd discount this idea pronto. What was a wife, he figured, but a woman and what was a woman but a dame? And dames, Hollywood style, with (*Continued on page 64*)

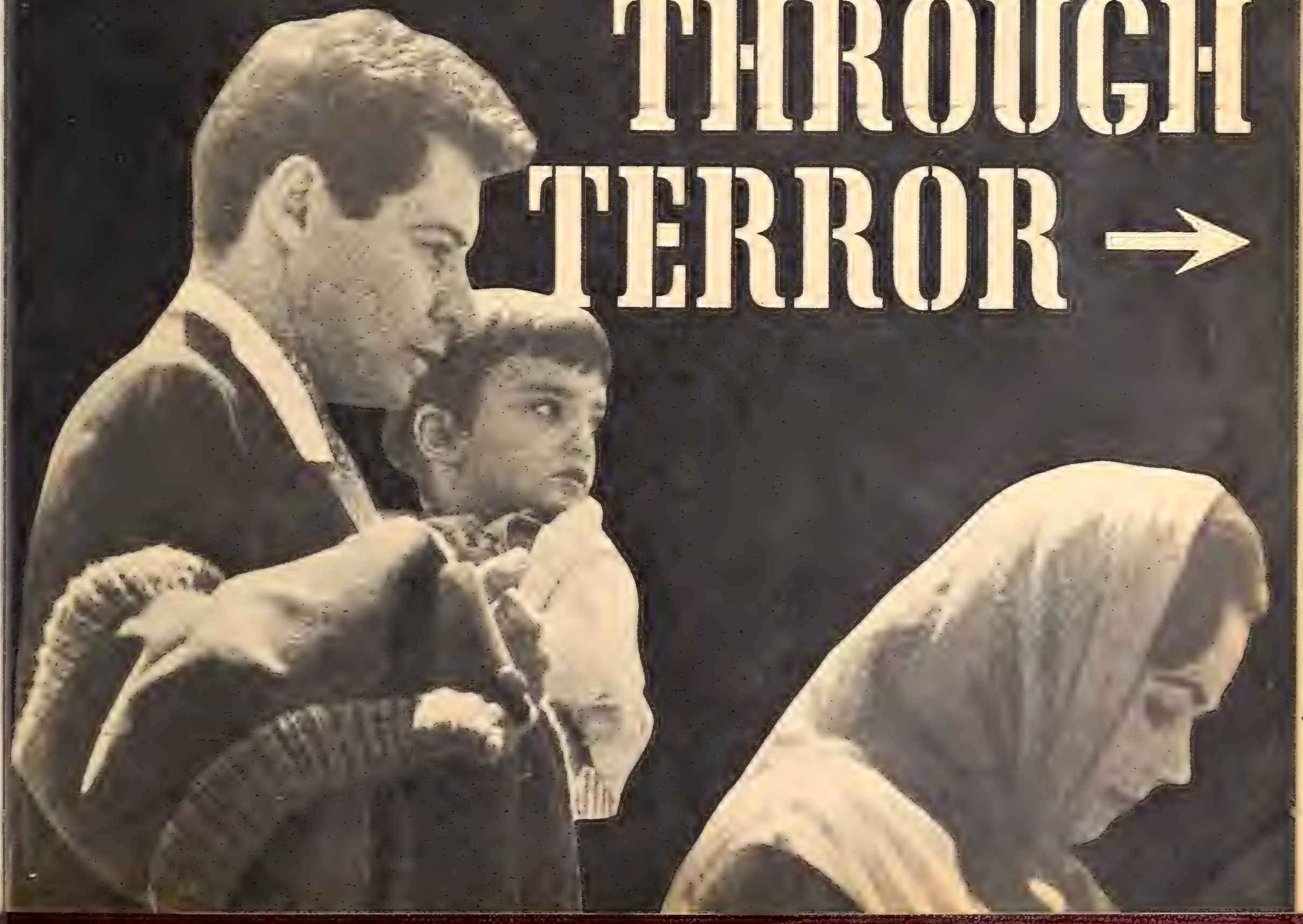


This is a story of fear.

The worst fear a woman can know.

Fear for the lives of her children!

LIZ' JOURNEY THROUGH TERROR →



Mid-Atlantic, aboard the Leonardo Da Vinci, Little Liza's birthday, a cake, laughter, peace. Somewhere in London... a sick mind...possibly homicidal, threatening the most horrible of all crimes...kidnap!





The children were excited. For one of them to have a birthday was usually reason enough to set them off. But to have a birthday in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, on this great huge spanking-new ship. . . .

"And then Luigi said—" Michael Jr., who was the spokesman for the group, started to say.

"Whoa," Eddie Fisher said, looking over from his deck chair. "Who's Luigi?"

"The chef man, down in the kitchen, in the big white hat," Michael said. "And Liza and Christopher and me went to see him a little while ago"—the others nodded—"and he said that he was going to make a big birthday cake for tonight. And—"

He cleared his throat.

"Mommy?" he asked.

LIZ' JOURNEY THROUGH TERROR

continued

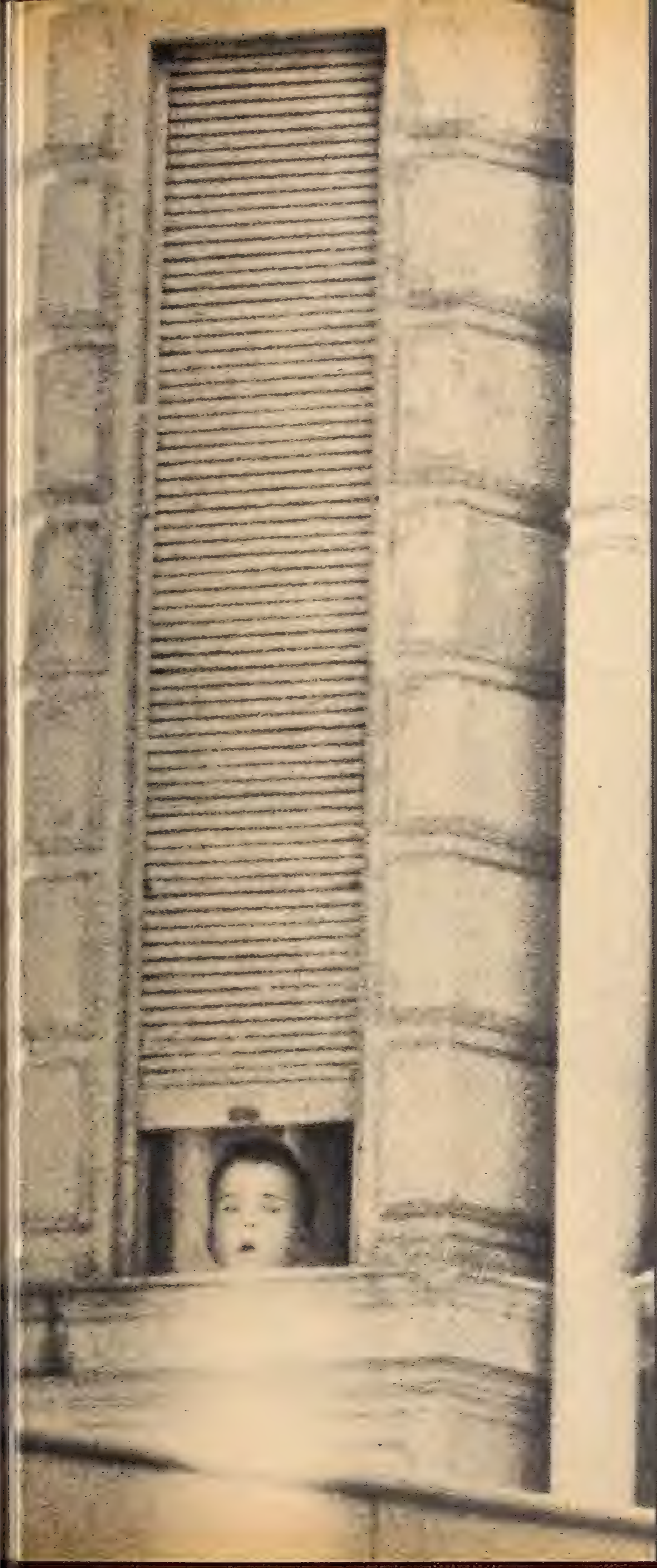


LIZ JOURNEY THROUGH TERROR continued

Could Liz forever walk in suspicion, avoid crowds, hide her children, teach them fear?







"Yes?" Liz Taylor asked.

"Eddie?"

"Yeah?"

"Miss Bee?"

"Yes, Michael?" asked Bee Smith, the nurse.

"The chef man," Michael went on, "he wanted to know if it would be all right for us to eat with you tonight. In the big dining room . . . He said since it was a birthday and I was big, he guessed it would be all right for me. But he said he wasn't so sure about Chris here, because he's only six. And about Liza, either, even though it's her birthday. Because she's only three!"

The three grown-ups looked at one another.

They pretended to be very serious about this whole thing.

"Will it be all right?" Michael asked then, tentatively, hopefully.

"It'll be all right," Liz said, finally, "—if you all have an extra long nap this afternoon."

"Oh boy," said the children, and they laughed and clapped hands, still laughing as they ran off now, to the other side of the sun deck.

As the grown-ups watched them.

Laughing, too. . . .

Eddie, after a while,

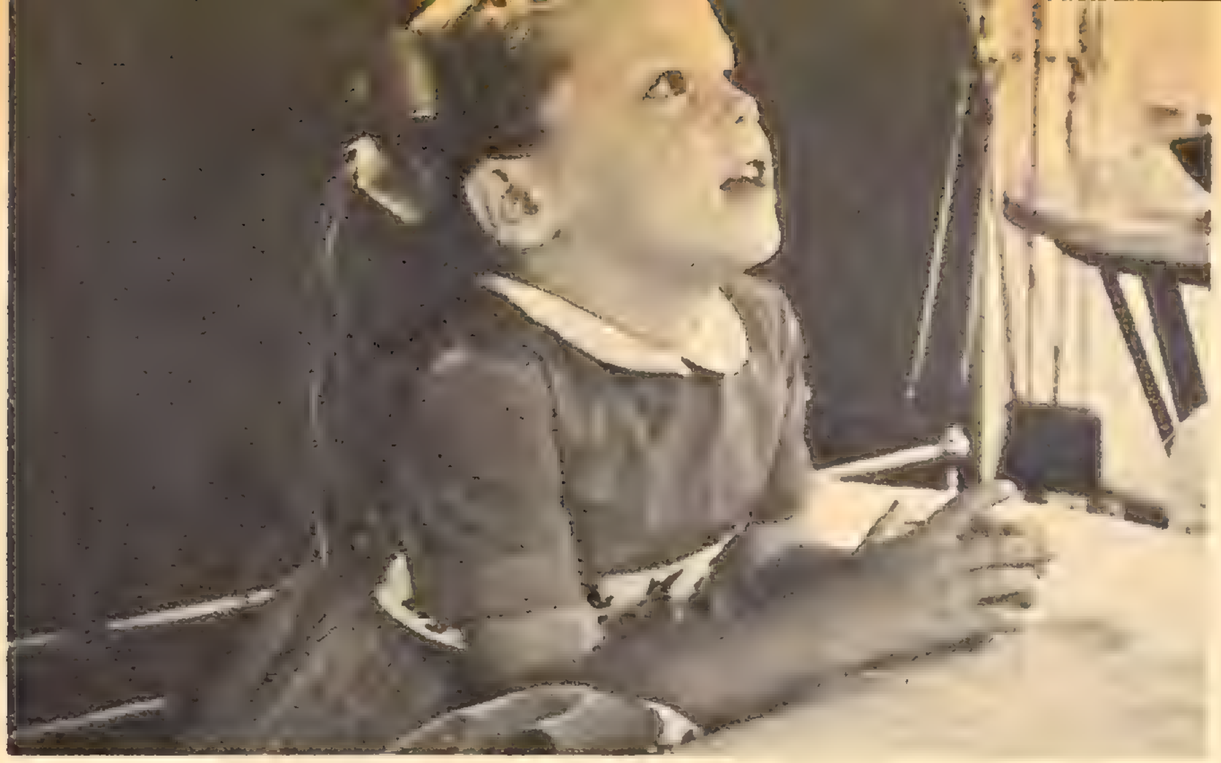
(Continued on page 67)

(Thanksgiving with Tony and Janet)



These are our

HEARTACHES and



This is a Thanksgiving story about Tony, Janet and the kids. It's a different kind of Thanksgiving story.

It all took place one night and one day early this past October.

What, you ask, has October got to do with Thanksgiving?

Like we said, it's different, all right. . . .

It begins on a Friday night, at eleven o'clock, or thereabouts. The Curtises (minus Ginny, the nurse, who had a few days coming to her, and decided to take them now) had just arrived at their new weekend place in Palm Springs. Jamie, the baby, one-and-a-half, was already asleep in her crib. Tony and Janet were unusually beat. (*Continued on page 58*)



our BLESSINGS

Has it really happened?



Has Fred May's love really erased Cheryl's nightmare past, Lana's empty future?



Is there at last A HOME FOR TWO DESPERATE WOMEN?

■ Not many people driving along U.S. Highway 60 in Chino, California, recognized the family group riding along the bridle trail that skirts the road before it curls into the woods.

The teenage girl, her dark hair flying as she cantered smartly ahead, her legs long in the stirrups; the mother, young-looking and pretty, her skin tanned and healthy, only wisps of blonde hair showing from under the bandana tied

(*Continued on page 53*)



I watched this happy eighteen-year-old girl as she rose, went





to the window, and looked down at the world of average people, the world to which she could never return again . . . And I thought of the loneliness and heartache that would stalk her path from this moment on . . . Only to Sandra it has come earlier than to most of the beauties who blaze in the spotlight. Love, with its many (*Continued on next page*)

CONVERSATION WITH A GODDESS

by Louella Parsons

CONVERSATION WITH A GODDESS

continued

CRITICISM, INNUENDO, PAIN . . . THIS IS THE PRICE THE YOUNG GODDESS HAS ALREADY PAID FOR HER HEADLONG DASH INTO WOMANHOOD

(*continued*) disappointments and ecstasies has not yet touched her. But already there are the cries of:

She's ruining her health in foolish dieting to keep her figure. . . .

Extravagance! This girl, little more than a child, is spending every nickel she makes on glamour clothes and living like a movie star earning ten times her salary. . . .

Those are a hatful of charges against a youngster who just four years ago at the tender age of fourteen had arrived in Hollywood, well known as a child model in New York, and had clicked big in her screen debut in *Until They Sail.*

I loved Sandra as the "little girl" sister in this war drama starring Jean Simmons and I wrote glowingly of the baby-faced little blonde newcomer in my column.

The day the item appeared, I received a bowl of roses from Sandra with a charming hand-written note: "Your kind words made me so happy. A girl really isn't in movies until she's been mentioned in Louella Parsons' (*Continued on page 70*)



MODERN SCREEN'S SECOND CINDERELLA STORY. THIS IS SUZY, OR PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY THIS WAS SUZY ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO... TWENTY YEARS OLD AND PRETTY IMPOSSIBLE WHEN SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TWENTY AND BEAUTIFUL...A CARELESS GIRL WHO HAD LET HERSELF GO TO POT (151 POUNDS WORTH!)...LONG-STEMMED (FIVE FEET, TEN) BUT NO BEAUTY. STRAGGLY HAIR PULLED BACK IN AN UN-CHIC KNOT DID LITTLE TO IMPROVE HER FACE. HUNCHED SHOULDERS, A WORRIED LOOK AND THE WRONG CLOTHES ALL DOING THEIR PART IN MAKING A SORRY SIGHT WHERE THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PRETTY GIRL. HERE WAS A GREAT CANDIDATE FOR MODERN SCREEN'S SECOND CINDERELLA. HER STORY IS FOR YOU AND YOU AND YOU.

"I'm so Big and Fat!"

"I Can't Stand Me"

"Please . . . Help Me!"

"I Hate Myself!"

"I Look Just Horrible!"











"I've graduated to size twelve, terrific after having worn size sixteen for years, don't you think? Fran really laced into me for the kinds of things I wore and I'll admit now that they were pretty shapeless bags. Shorts and slacks I should never have worn but I did and was kidded unmercifully, so when I got into those slim velveteen pants (they're emerald green and that smash sash is royal purple rayon satin—whew!), I knew I had it made. And when I think of me in a ruffly shirt (this one is Dacron and washes like a breeze) I feel for the first time like an honest-to-goodness girl. This is the way I now like to look after work, especially when I'm entertaining at home . . . I seem to be doing so much of that these days—the new me, you know. Fran wised me up to a long-legged panty girdle for a slick look. . . . (I don't know why I didn't have sense enough long ago.)

"I wore the black velvet dress to a party given in my honor. It's a perfect holiday dress, just dressy enough. Fran said we were celebrating the debut of my waistline which is a mere twenty-five inches. I had been dying for something in fur, so the white bunny muff was a lot of fun for very little money. My date is Bob Grosz, a young executive on Madison Avenue and we see each other a lot. We were having a dreamy time . . . I could have danced all night and almost did! (Note: I broke my diet just a little but the food was so good. Back on Metrecal next day.)

"I'm absolutely thrilled to death with me now! And I want to thank Fran Hodges, my Fairy Godmother, for what she helped me do with myself. I don't think I could have lost those twenty pounds without her encouragement but I know now that I can finish the job of losing another five. Besides, I love my new hair and so do all my friends and I've had hundreds of compliments on my new clothes which really become me. (Oh! How I ever went around that old way!) But what still puzzles me is how she really changed the looks of my face . . . my eyes *are* wider apart, I could almost swear!

"I can laugh about it now but I was dying when that first haircut picture was taken! I was frightened to death when Bernard took that first slash. But Fran was so right in insist- *(continued on next page)*

Photography, Barbara and Justin Kerr. Cinderella hair do, Bernard of Stella Ming Salon. Blouse available at all Ward Stores.

happened

to me!

magic

really

works!



For the first time in my life I really feel like a girl!



ing that I have a new short styling. . . . This one is a cinch to take care of, easy as pie to roll up and to shape myself. I guess you can tell that I'm pretty pleased with what I look like today. I can't get used to the fact that it's me, big old Suzy . . . Miss Metrecal of 1960, Miss New Look of forever."

Hey, Suzy, stop a minute! You're running away with the story, and there is so much to tell our readers, things they will need to know so that they can do the same if they have similar problems. And I say, if our glass slipper fits, put it on!

I'm Fran Hodges, Modern Screen's staff Fairy Godmother. Suzy was sixteen when I met her on a trip to Chicago, about four years ago. She was in the shooting up stage, rather gangly as is expected of an adolescent, all arms and legs. She had a cute pixy face and a warm smiling personality . . . giving promise of a lovely young woman. You can imagine how stunned I was when she came to (*Continued on page 52*)







These fashions available at all Ward Stores everywhere.

Muff of white rabbit fur, $5.45 (plus 10% Federal Tax).

This page: very 'right' informal date dress of cotton velveteen, with full skirt, snug waist, banded in rayon satin, scoop neck and bracelet sleeves. Also available in jewel tones. $17.98, sizes 10-16.

Facing page: Cotton velveteen tapered pants with sash in contrasting colors. Shown here in emerald and available also in jewel tones. Sizes 10-16, $8.98. Ruffled dress shirt in DuPont's easy-care Dacron, white only, sizes 10-18, $4.98.

(*Continued from page 50*)
call on me here in New York in July looking as she does in the "before" pictures. She sensed my real shock and in a burst came those revealing words, "I hate myself!" . . . I knew she meant it. Well, she'd said it to the very one ready and able to do a bit of fairy godmothering for such a princess-potential.

"Suzy," I said, "I don't know how you got into this sorry state, but, if I were you, I'd get out of it and fast! There's no excuse for your not being a pretty girl, no excuse for such heft and certainly no reason for dressing so unbecomingly. Please, let me help you to help yourself."

"I'll do *anything*, Fran . . . honestly, anything to lose weight . . . then maybe I *can* start to do something about the rest of me. Please tell me what to do!"

"Well, Suzy, the first thing is to *want to do it* . . . you must *want* to lose those extra pounds so badly that you are ready to change your attitudes toward the eating habits that put them on. Then, the word is "diet," but dieting isn't worth a fig unless you're really ready to go on it, and when you are . . . why, just go!"

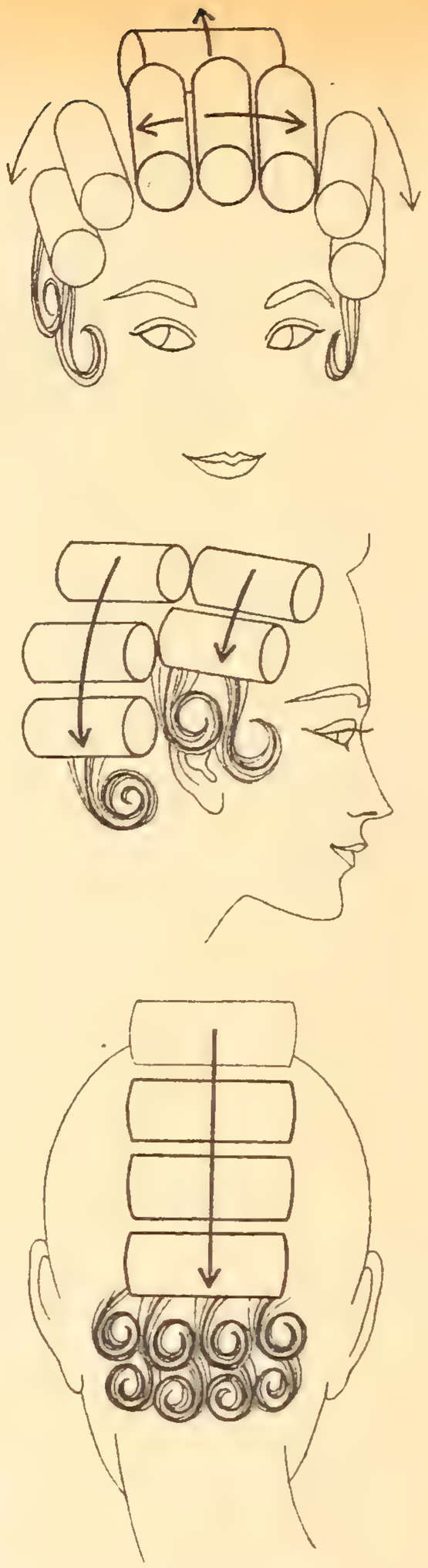
We discussed various special diets, and how to combat those compulsive urges to overeat, especially between meals (Suzy admitted to being a nibbler) but I truly didn't think I was hitting pay dirt. But the very next day I got an excited call from Suzy telling me that she had made up her mind—was going on *The Diet*. Her idea of facing up to the fact that she was overweight was to do it big and the diet that had captured her imagination was Mead Johnson's Metrecal 900 calorie diet, the quite wonderful product originally developed in powdered form, a formula carefully balanced for complete nutrition and appetite satisfaction. Each can includes the scientific amount of food—carbohydrates, fats, proteins, sugars, vitamins and minerals for sustained health, and what is really fun is that Metrecal comes in your choice of three delicious flavors—vanilla, chocolate and butterscotch—to preclude any monotony. Suzy simply put the contents of a can in a blender with the amount of water prescribed, shook it up thoroughly to the consistency of a milk shake (no ice cream, please!), or you could use an egg beater to the same effect.

I asked her if she, by any chance, had checked with her doctor. She had and gotten this reply, "Why haven't you done this before? Of course, you're O.K.—go ahead." So, on her own, Suzy had gone out to buy her first week's supply of Metrecal, and was on her way. What tickled me was the merry attitude that she suddenly found, and what could have been such a hungry bore turned into fun. When I asked her if she'd be Cinderella, she was *so* excited.

"Do you think I'll ever make it?" she asked, and to her great surprise (not mine) in about a week the miracle had started to happen, the relentless scales had started their downward trek, 151, 150, 149, 148 . . . such a marvelous feeling.

I know that some of you are questioning that 150 pounds is *not* too much for anyone that tall. Well, it is, according to the recent findings of the American Society of Actuaries. Suzy's five foot, nine inch height coupled with her rather small bone structure is better off carrying around *118* to *131* pounds! (If you'd like to know your best weight for your greatest health, note the offer of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company whose booklet "How to Control Your Weight" is available to Modern Screen's readers. Simply send in the coupon on Page 7 and receive your copy free.)

Before I turn her story back to Suzy, I want you to know that Mead Johnson, the creators of Metrecal, the easy way to new eating habits, has brought out their successful product in liquid form, which is surely the final simplification. It is now available in 8 oz. cans, each holding 225 calories of the food drink. Four of these cans are a day's supply . . . so carry along your mocha break (just add a half teaspoon of Instant Coffee to the Chocolate-flavored Metrecal), and your lunch (add a six-ounce can of tomato juice to the plain vanilla-flavored), and your four o'clock pick-up—just plain butterscotch. Maybe you have just a few extra pounds, or maybe you are really overweight, seriously so, but whatever your weight problem is, we do recommend that you take steps now to "get into shape" . . . you're bound to feel better and you'll look better. Do read what Suzy has to say:



Instructions for Cinderella Hairdo
Designed by Bernard, Stella Ming Salon

Cut hair to four or five inches in length (three inches at back hairline). Check natural part to start from rollers. Use medium rollers as sketched, and clips for back and cheek curls. Dry thoroughly, remove clips and rollers. Lift each curl, and from underside, tease hair in quick pushing motions with the comb from ends toward head. Now, brush hair back and down, smoothing surface. With comb adjust cheek curls, and lift individual strands in various directions for casual effect. Finish with spray to hold.

"This was the most wonderful summer I've ever had . . . you've no idea how good it is to feel slim. I know it isn't really a miracle, though it was in a way . . . finding that I had enough will-power to stick to it. The best thing I found was that I could have extras and I ate plenty of lettuce and salad things. I always had sticks of celery, green pepper and carrots on hand (these are now a habit with me) and I had a real dinner every now and then. Now, I find I just eat less of everything and I have my Metrecal for breakfast and lunch five days a week.

"I was still unhappy with that shapeless hair of mine and that so-called French roll but I couldn't think of anything else to do with it, so off Fran and I went to Stella Ming's to meet Bernard who was to do my special hairdo which you've seen and heard about.

"Then, I learned about the new very pale make-up which is so great, and which is supposed to put all the accent on the eyes, with plenty of whoop-de-do going on! I always thought my eyes too close together and deep set. I know now this was the fault of my brows which were very heavy and grew too far over the bridge of my nose. With Fran telling me what to do, I did the tweezing and finally got them lined up with the inside corners of my eyes. That was the big job . . . evening the rest, both from the top and below, didn't take long and the effect was terrific. I learned to use a pencil (medium brown for me); short outward strokes so you don't get that painted-on look. I love the eyeliner for that extended look at the outer corners, and for the line just at the edge. It was tricky at first, but now I'm an old hand and get it perfect every time. I use a greyed blue shadow for daytime just on the lids, and for evening, I use a bright blue shadow *and* liner, and mascara which certainly makes my eyes look much bluer and I must say all this was a real eye-opener (pun intended!)

"I've learned, too, what to do about my mouth which seems to give a smallish effect. Mostly I'm supposed to smile oftener and that's fairly easy now, but I did learn the trick of outlining the upper lip to extend the corners just a fraction. I use a lip brush and a darker red tone for the outline, and fill in with a lighter tone. I like the effect and I wield a mighty good lip brush.

"But the best fun of all is having a new figure able to carry off some pretty clothes. I've discovered the midriff . . . I, who'd gone around for years in "shifts" thinking they'd hide my pounds. Now I am in love with my waistline, and I'm in love with every full or shaped skirt I can find now that *I know* the hips beneath are only 36 inches. I'm wearing skirts just as short as I'm told—just skimming my kneecap. You should hear the nice things they say about my "stems." And I can wear pants and the new culottes, and every cute fashion there is, and every wild and crazy color to match my new freed spirit. I feel so good!"

As Suzy's fairy godmother, I want you readers to know that she was a wonderful Cinderella . . . a real inspiration to me and to all of us around Modern Screen. I saw her just yesterday, a radiantly beautiful girl, who confided she is going steady. I have an idea there'll be news of a definite sort by Christmas . . . I hope so, for she worked hard to help my wand make its magic!

Fran Hodges

A Home for Two Desperate Women?

(*Continued from page 42*)

around her head, and the dark-haired man, firm-jawed and protective-looking, riding close by the two as though he loved and cherished them very much.

On a weekend away from the confines of El Retiro School were Cheryl Crane with her mother, Lana Turner, and Fred May, the man who, in marrying Lana, has undertaken to protect both Lana and her daughter.

Even Lana's friends were surprised recently when they learned that she and her long-time admirer had obtained a license to marry. They knew that Lana had been seeing Fred steadily, but they remembered that she had originally planned to marry him last March. Then, on the eve of her marriage to Fred, juvenile authorities suddenly placed Cheryl behind the high wall at El Retiro, a school for wayward girls.

That evening, Fred had come to see Lana. With tears in her eyes, Lana had told him, "Darling, I can't marry you now. Oh, I still love you—it's not that. But I can't ask you to take on my burdens with Cheryl. A bride should be happy. I can't be. I'm terribly worried about my child. She's going to take up all my time and thoughts. It wouldn't be fair to you. . . ."

Even though Fred had insisted that his love hadn't changed—in fact, he'd protested, it had increased, if anything, because of Lana's troubles—Lana wouldn't listen to his pleas that they get married.

Not many men would have the courage to stick by a woman who's had to go through the kind of hell Lana has had to face because of her daughter. Most men would have run thousands of miles to get away from a woman who had as great a problem as Lana.

Lana offered to release Fred. But he wouldn't leave her.

HE WAS HURT when she suggested he go. "What sort of man do you think I am?" he said. "Do you think I'd walk out of your life just when you and Cheryl need me most. I love you, honey!"

Lana smiled faintly and felt relieved, knowing that Fred wanted to share her burden with her. Nevertheless, she insisted that until everything was cleared up, she and Fred would not get married.

Lana was determined to remake her life. The court had held that she couldn't offer Cheryl a disciplined, wholesome home. Juvenile authorities evidently believed everything about Lana they'd read in the headlines. She made up her mind she'd stay out of the headlines and prove she was capable of being a good, serious-minded mother.

She and Fred went on together, the dark-haired, patient man and the beautiful woman who had known many men but never a man like this—who asked for so little and was willing to give so much. Fred was dependable. He'd built up a successful business, then retired at the age of thirty-eight to buy a ranch in Chino where he bred thoroughbred horses. He was a steadying influence in her life. A man as reliable as sunlight. And how she needed sunlight in a life suddenly full of shadows.

Through months of turmoil he was at her side. When newspapers and magazines blamed Lana's faulty upbringing of Cheryl for the girl's troubles, he furiously defended Lana.

"Honey," he'd tell her, "what do those people know? I know the kind of woman you are. When writers print that kind of hooey I wish I could knock their teeth in."

Lana smiled in spite of herself at the thought of Fred knocking anyone's teeth in. She had ceased to be attracted by violence. She had known a very violent man, and had paid in fear, trembling, and the menace to her daughter's future, for having been infatuated by such a man. In Fred she saw no violence or threat of violence—only good nature, kindness and understanding.

Actually, Fred had not been kidding when he said he wished he could knock down some of the columnists and writers who criticized Lana.

He proved that he meant what he had said one night at a party that was given at Romanoff's after the premiere of Lana's picture, *Portrait in Black*.

It was a gay party. Lana was in better spirits than she had been in months. Only a short while before she had returned from a visit with Cheryl at El Retiro, and had been cheered by the change in Cheryl's attitude. She and Cheryl had had a long talk, and the child looked more at peace, the rebellious thrust to her jaw gone.

"Darling," Lana had told her, "let's both think of and work for the day when you'll be free, and the authorities will let you leave this place and come and live with me. I'll do everything I can to bring that day closer. And you, too, Cheryl—obey the rules here, and work hard, because that's the only way we can win what we want."

Thinking about Cheryl and their future together, Lana smiled.

Suddenly, her smile turned to terror when Fred lifted a threatening fist in the act of delivering a blow at a Hollywood columnist who had stopped by to chat. Only the intercession of another guest kept Fred from delivering the blow. "How dare you," Fred had stormed at the columnist, "print an editorial criticizing Lana for her upbringing of Cheryl?"

Lana, heartsick, slumped in her chair, sobbing, back in a nightmare. In her mind's eye she saw black headlines like all the others that had blackened her reputation.

Poor Cheryl . . . She'd given Cheryl her word, only the other day, that she'd work hard for her release. This fracas would only make things worse for her child who lived behind a high wall.

To the newspapermen present she said in a frantic voice, "I don't want any more headlines. Please don't print this. Please."

The newspapermen replied, "Sorry, Lana, but this is news."

Lana, groping for something with which to wipe her eyes, reached for a napkin. She forgot her glamour, her beauty, at that moment. She sobbed to Fred, "Why did you do it?"

He looked numbly at her. "Because I love you, honey," he said. "I won't have anyone attacking your personal life."

If it hadn't been for the great love that Lana and Fred had for each other, that episode might have ended their love story.

Because in five minutes, the man she loved had almost undone the job Lana had been trying to achieve for months of giving the world the portrait of a woman who could and would stay out of scandalous headlines.

AFTER THE PARTY, in the quiet of her home, they talked together. She said to him, "Fred, we can't go on together if more episodes like tonight's are going to happen. I won't have anyone keep from me the one thing I'm trying to achieve—winning liberty and a good life for my daughter.

"If you're going to be hot-headed and slug people who malign me, we'll have to stop seeing each other. Too much is at stake. I love you, Fred, but. . . ."

"I understand," he told her. "I wanted to do everything I could to help you, but I guess losing my temper didn't accomplish anything. Honey, I promise you I won't ever lose my head again around you."

That evening Lana realized the greatness of Fred's love. He was a man with a man's deep wish to protect the woman he loved. His natural instinct was to punch in the nose anyone who criticized her. But she had made him realize she wasn't just any woman; she was a woman with a child lost in a jungle, a woman who had to bring her lost child safely home and who couldn't afford headlines.

Lana continued to see Fred, and every other Sunday she would leave her lovely home on top of a hill in Beverly Hills, get behind the wheel of her Cadillac and make the long, sad drive to El Retiro to see Cheryl. Between the hours of one and three, on alternate Sundays, Lana was allowed to visit with Cheryl. Mother and daughter would sit on a wooden bench under an olive tree and talk. The talks were accomplishing a great deal. Lana was getting closer to her daughter; Cheryl, warming to the great love and devotion of her mother—a love and devotion she had once doubted—softened. She grew less bitter, more amenable to the rules of the school. She would never run away, she promised Lana. She had no need to now. She was beginning to see a future ahead.

It was a happy day for both Lana and Cheryl when the juvenile authorities made their first big concession.

Lana heard about it from the probation officer. "Your daughter will be allowed to go home with you one weekend a month."

Tears sprang to Lana's eyes. To be able to, finally, have her girl home, even for such a short time. The officer smiled gently and said, "I don't blame you for being happy. I wonder if you realize exactly what this does mean. It means that Cheryl is making progress. This is a big step forward for your girl—being allowed to go home once a month. She herself earned this privilege. We don't give it lightly."

It was a happy Lana who drove to El Retiro on a Friday after that to pick up Cheryl. On the drive home, she and Cheryl chatted gaily. To herself, Lana thought. *Thank God for this. Some day—maybe not too far away—my baby can come home with me for more than a weekend. Maybe forever.*

There was a quiet celebration at home, but you couldn't miss the joy in the faces. Lana's mother was there. And Fred came over. Fred, looking stable, serene and ready to meet all problems.

After dinner, they sat before a fire. It was a moment of relaxation and confidences. "I'm trying to talk your mother into marrying me," Fred said with the candor that Cheryl loves. Too many people have treated Cheryl as though she were a juvenile delinquent. She appreciates it when someone treats her as an adult.

"When your mother marries me," he went on, "our home will be your home. In fact, I hope we'll be able to offer you such a good, wholesome home, the authorities will let you leave the school and live with us."

SUDDENLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME in her life, it seemed to Cheryl that there was a man in her mother's life (outside of her father, Steve Crane, whom she loves) to whom she was also an important personality. The hostility and insecurity she'd known began to vanish.

She and Fred chatted easily. She asked him about the creatures she loves so much, some of the horses on Fred's fourteen-acre breeding farm in Chino, a pleasant, wooded country outside of Los Angeles.

"How is my favorite, *Rowena*?" she asked. "And *Pasha*? Has he bred yet?"

Life came into Cheryl's impassive face. Before her confinement to El Retiro, Cheryl had spent many pleasant weekends at the Circle May ranch, where there are over one-hundred and sixty horses which Fred keeps for breeding purposes. Cheryl and Fred had always gotten along well. He knew how to talk to teenagers. He has two teenagers of his own by a previous marriage, who often stay at the ranch.

Gazing into the fire brought back a memory—Cheryl thought back to the weekend when she and her mother and several other guests had stayed at the ranch. In the middle of the night, there'd been a knock on her door. It was Fred.

"There's something going on in the stables that you'll want to see, Cheryl. Come on down."

Cheryl had slipped into jeans and T-shirt and sped down to the stables. Her eyes widened at the sight. A foal was being born. It was the first time she'd ever seen a foaling. The ranch foreman, who was helping the mare, let Cheryl stroke the frightened animal to comfort her. It was dawn when Cheryl looked up, her eyes shining. It had been quite the most wonderful night of her life.

TONIGHT WAS A GOOD NIGHT, also. She could see the warm looks exchanged between her mother and Fred. There was love there, and she could feel lots of it directed toward her as well. Cheryl asked Fred, "Fred, when can I come out to your ranch again?"

"We'll plan it for a weekend you can come home. There's lots going on at the ranch now. Rowena is waiting for you. So is your room. Everything is waiting for you."

Lana watched Cheryl and Fred. Cheryl looked happier, her eyes no longer haunted, her face no longer strained. This was the way she'd dreamed of her daughter looking, young and carefree, anxious to go to the ranch, close to nature and normality.

The weekend at home over, Lana drove Cheryl back over the long road that led to El Retiro. Cheryl started to hum softly. Finally she spoke, "Mother, I've had a wonderful time being home with you. And I think Fred is a darling. Some day I want to go to the ranch and go horseback riding and do lots of things around the ranch. It will be such fun. We could have such a wonderful life, couldn't we?"

"Some day it will happen. It really will, darling. Just be patient," said Lana.

The future did seem brighter. Fred was like some secure haven.

She knew now that they wouldn't have to wait any longer to marry. She would tell him that the first thing when she got home. The very first thing. **END**

Lana's latest picture will be By Love Possessed, *United Artists.*

The Love Story of Jackie and John

(Continued from page 23)

"I'll see you again, though," Jack asked, "won't I?"

"Oh . . . sure. Yes," said Jackie.

She was glad he turned around right after that, and started to say goodbye to some other people.

It was *terrible* the way he was making her blush. . . .

They walked through the soft darkness of the garden, the party—the laughter and the music—behind them. They walked slowly, both of them silent. They walked until they came to an old stone bench and Jack lay down his crutches as they sat.

"Why'd you look me up . . . after a year, a whole year?" Jackie asked, suddenly. "Why'd you invite me out tonight, here, to this party?"

"Because I liked you," Jack said. "Because I remembered you."

"That's very flattering, you know," said Jackie, "coming from a United States Senator."

"Let me ask *you* something," said Jack.

"Yes?" Jackie asked, clasping her hands.

"Why'd you want to come out here, and leave the party? That was a pretty good party in there."

Jackie looked down, at her hands.

"I don't know," she said. "I guess it's that I don't like crowds much." She looked up suddenly, concerned. "If you want to go back—" she started to say.

"No," said Jack. "We can always sit out here in the moonlight and have a nice quiet talk about . . . about Mr. Eisenhower. Or Mr. Nixon or Mr. Stevenson, and his chances in '56."

Jackie scanned his face in order to see whether he was serious or not.

He wasn't.

"*Or,*" said Jack then, "you can start now by telling me about yourself . . . I want to know about you."

"Me?" Jackie asked. "What do you want to know about *me?*"

"Everything," said Jack.

"Well," said Jackie, "I was born in New York. I went to school there. I went to Vassar for a while, too, then to the Sorbonne, then back to Vassar. I couldn't stand it when I got back the second time, from France, the way they treated us like a bunch of children. At Vassar, I mean . . . So I left."

"Uh-huh," said Jack.

"Now," continued Jackie, "I work on a newspaper; as you already know; I read lots; I devour books—mostly books dealing with the Eighteenth Century; that's my favorite, the Eighteenth Century. I used to paint, used to love it, but I wasn't much good at it, so now I just look at other people's work—I'm forever going to galleries." She paused. "I'm not a very good cook; mainly because I don't eat much myself, I guess. I like the color blue, and I don't mean baby-blue or navy-blue, but real blue, like the color of the sky on an almost-perfect day . . . And what else? I don't like jewelry. I don't like hats. I can do without fur. I speak rather fluently in Spanish, Italian and French . . . And that, I guess, is me."

"Pretty good," said Jack, "except you left out a few vital categories."

"Like?" Jackie asked.

"Like do you enjoy swimming?" asked Jack.

"Kind of," Jackie shrugged.

"Do you like to play touch football?"

"What?" asked Jackie.

"Do you know any good jokes?"

"I forget them all," she said, "the minute after I've heard them."

"Do you like clam chowder?"

"Honest answer?"

"Honest answer."

"I loathe clam chowder," Jackie said.

Jack groaned.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Just that you've chucked out all your fun for this weekend," Jack said. "Here I am, about to invite you up to the Cape, to come visit my family, and now I think you're going to end up having a dull time there. Why, you don't answer yes to *any* of the presently established ground rules."

"This weekend?" Jackie asked, worried suddenly. "Ground rules?"

"Ground rules-for-a-Kennedy-weekend," Jack said, nodding. "Very famous in Massachusetts."

Then he recited them:

"First thing you go for a swim.

"Then, you sit with the family and tell at least three good jokes.

"Then, you say 'Terrific' when you taste the clam chowder at lunch—the pride and joy of all New England.

"And 'Terrific' must be your response when asked to participate in an early-afternoon game of touch football. Now, about this game—"

On and on Jack went, laying ground rule after ground rule.

And then, when he was finished, he took Jackie's hand suddenly in his, and he asked, "Will you come, this Saturday?"

"Saturday? . . . This Saturday? . . . Yes, . . . I guess," Jackie found herself saying.

"You want to know something?" Jack said, then. "You, Miss Bouvier, happen to be the most beautiful girl I've ever met."

"Really?" asked Jackie, vaguely, as she sat there, happy on one hand that this man she'd been thinking about for over a year now had asked her to spend a weekend with him, but worried on the other hand about the family she'd soon have to meet, and about what they'd think of *her*. . . .

THE KENNEDYS—all twenty-eight of them—fell in love with Jackie Bouvier that weekend in Hyannis Port. And, best of all, and most of all, Jack fell in love with her.

Back in Washington, following the weekend, he saw her almost constantly.

And, finally, one night, he asked her to marry him. . . .

The wedding took place on September 12, 1953, at St. Mary's Church in Newport, Rhode Island. The reception was held at Hammersmith Farm, an oceanside estate owned by Jackie's mother and stepfather. And all of the guests agreed it was a perfect marriage.

But, it didn't go well for the Kennedys; not at the beginning.

Deep down, Jackie had expected some sort of normality in her marriage. Not as far as her outside activities were concerned; she'd known about the social functions she'd have to attend, the handshaking sessions, the receptions, the teas—the giving up of many, practically all, of the quieter activities she had loved so much.

But she *had* expected another kind of normality. She'd wanted, most of all, to have a home, and to have her husband in it. She got the home—but her husband, Jack, the Senator, was rarely in it. In fact, he was becoming so popular with Democrats all around the country that, aside from those times when Congress was actually in session, he was rarely even in Washington.

Jackie tried to joke about this at first.

"My husband," she said once, "thinks nothing of buying a shirt in California, a toothbrush in Kansas, and a tube of toothpaste in Pennsylvania. I think it's funny, don't you?"

For a while, Jackie even tried to do the traveling bit with Jack.

She tried getting used to closing up the house at a moment's notice.

Getting used to trains, busses, planes, more planes.

She tried getting used to packing, unpacking.

Getting used to sitting alone for hour after hour in strange hotel rooms while her husband went on with his business.

She tried all this, right up until the time she became pregnant.

He'd just completed an exhausting tour when suddenly another presented itself.

"Would you mind if I left?" Jack asked Jackie.

"No," Jackie said.

Was she lying, to herself, to Jack?

She didn't know.

She *didn't* know, she told herself.

But then, a few days after Jack left—that moment on the beach—then she knew. . . .

She was at her mother's place in Rhode Island. It was late afternoon, foggy, a slight chill in the damp air. She was walking along the beach, slowly, alone.

Suddenly she stopped. She felt the pain, the unbearable pain, in her stomach. She felt the nausea, the terrible feeling of nausea, overtake her. And she felt the sweat, that came rushing to her face, despite the chill in the air.

"Oh no," she said, as the pain grew worse. "Oh *no*."

She fell.

She knew what was happening. Her baby, she knew, was dying inside her.

"Oh *no*," she said.

"*No*."

She lifted her head.

Her eyes began to shift, wildly.

She looked straight ahead, at the long stretch of lonely beach.

She looked to her right, at a silent dune.

She looked to her left, at the calm and vast expanse of ocean there.

"Jack, Jack," she began to whisper.

She dug her fingers into the sand.

"Jack," she asked, "where *are* you?"

SHE MADE UP HER MIND as she lay in the hospital room that next morning. Jack was flying back, he would be there soon; and, she made up her mind, she would tell him, right as he came through the door.

"I don't want this any more," she would say, "as soon as your term is up," she would say, "I want you to leave politics. For good.

"Our baby is gone, Jack," she would say. "I'm going to be lonelier now than I ever have been. Don't you keep leaving me, too, Jack. Not you, too. Not any more.

"Let's be," she would say, "like other people. Let's go away, Jack. Oh, to be able to go away. And breathe real air. And have no more of this, this life, this cloud we try to breathe through, to walk on. To go somewhere else where we can hold on to something. Really hold on to something.

"I heard them before, in the room next door," she would say. "The woman had her baby. Yesterday, a little girl, I think it was. And he came; her husband. I could almost smell the flowers he brought to her. He sat with her all day. All day. He didn't have to leave. And they sat together. They talked, and they laughed. And there was no place else for him to go, to rush to. They just sat together. The wife. The husband. The baby. . . .

"*Our* baby," she would say. "Oh Jack . . . I didn't care if it was a boy, or a girl. Did you, Jack? I only wanted a baby. Our little boy or girl. And now—" she would say.

"And now.

"*And now*—"

She turned her head on her pillow.

The door, she could hear, was opening.

"Jack?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

She looked at him as he walked towards her, slowly, limping on those crutches the way he did. She looked at his face. She had never seen him look so haggard before, so sad, so frightened, so worried.

"Jack—" she started to say.

"Jackie, are you all right?" he asked.

"Jack—" she started again.

But she continued looking at him, and she stopped.

"No," she thought to herself. "Not now. I won't tell you now. But someday soon. Very soon. . . ."

THE DOCTOR, a friend of the Kennedys, wasn't surprised that Jackie looked shocked. He'd had a hunch Jack hadn't told her about the operation yet. He'd thought it time somebody did.

"You see," he said, "when your husband was a kid he hurt his back playing that danged touch football they're always playing up there at Hynannis Port. Then in the war—well, you know the story, Jack on the PT boat, the Jap destroyer ramming into the boat, slicing it in half, Jack landing on his back again . . . He's been in bad shape ever since. Now, slowly, things are getting worse. There's a chance, Jackie, that if he doesn't go through with this thing he may end up a hopeless cripple . . . He doesn't want that. He wants anything but that."

"And, if he does go through with it?" Jackie asked.

The doctor paused for a moment.

"Jack's been suffering from an adrenal depletion," he said then. "Adrenalin protects the body from shock and infection. An adrenal insufficiency greatly increases the possibility of infection and hemorrhage during surgery. I've warned Jack that . . . that his chances of surviving the operation are extremely limited."

Jackie gasped.

She tried to say something.

She couldn't.

"You've been pretty tense these past couple of months, Jackie," the doctor said. "I know a miscarriage can do it to any woman. . . . But I want you to snap out of it, Jackie. For Jack's sake. That's why I'm telling you what he hasn't told you . . . I want you to cheer him up as much as you can now. He's not saying anything, but the pain, the mental anguish, together they have him going through hell . . . And I want you to relax now, to try to be your old self. For these next few days, at least, Jackie."

"Next few days?" she asked.

"Today's Monday," the doctor said. He looked over at his calendar. He nodded and circled a date: October 20th, 1954. "The operation's *Thursday*," he said.

That night they talked.

JACKIE HAD JUST TOLD JACK about her talk with the doctor that morning.

Jack shook his head.

"He shouldn't have said anything. It wasn't right. I should have told you," he said.

"*You* would have put it off, till tomorrow, till Wednesday." She took his hand. She tried to smile. "I know *you*," she said.

"I wanted to tell you my way, though," he said. "There were so many things I wanted to tell you . . . my way."

"There's nothing to tell me," she said, "except that you're going to have an operation and that everything's going to be all right."

"There were other things, though," he said.

"What things?"

"I wanted to tell you, Jackie . . . first . . . how much I love you."

"I know *that*, silly," she said.

"And I wanted to thank you, too."

"For what?"

"For what you've had to put up with these past couple of years; the way you've put up with everything," he said.

"Jack—"

"I wanted to tell you what a wonderful wife you've been, a wonderful sport . . . I know," he said, "I *know* that it's been hard on you, Jackie. I know there've been times another girl would have thrown in the towel. But—"

She forced herself to laugh a little. "But I've been a real brick about this whole thing, haven't I?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, laughing a little, too, "yes. . . .

"You know," he said then, after a moment, the laughter gone, "this has been a strange day for me. I tried to work today. But for the first time in a long time I couldn't. I sat at my desk and I started to think. Not about the operation. But I started to think about my brother. About Joe. . . .

"Have I ever talked to you much about Joe, Jackie?" he asked.

"A little, sometimes," she said.

Jack smiled, and he put his head back on his pillow.

"He was the oldest of us all," he said. "And he was the best . . . He was handsome, Joe was. And he had brains, and character, and guts . . . And we loved him. Idolized him. Thought him our own private saint, we did.

"And he used to say, when he was just a kid, I remember, he used to say that he would grow up someday to be President of the United States. 'I'll settle for nothing less,' he would say.

"He meant it, too. If he'd lived, Joe would have gone on in politics, and he would have been elected to the House and to the Senate, like I was.

". . . He never got the chance, though. The war came. He was a Navy pilot. He flew out from England. He finished one tour of duty. He was eligible to come home. But he stayed for a second tour. He wanted to be there for D-Day, he said.

"Then, after that second tour, Joe was eligible to come home again. But he heard about an operation, something to do with knocking out the German V-2s. He heard about this the night before he was to leave. His luggage was already on a transport ship, ready to leave for New York.

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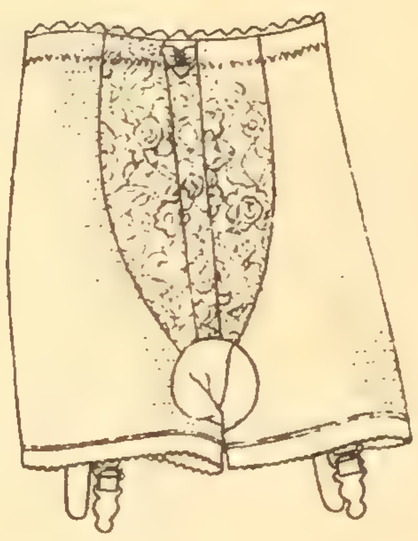
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UNDERLINING The figure

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He got them to take the luggage off. And the next day he got into his plane and set off on a mission.

"He must have been up there an hour, over France, when the plane exploded.

"Joe was killed.

"They never found a trace of his body. . . .

"Me, Jackie," he went on, after a pause, "me, I wasn't the same as I am today before Joe died. I'm like Joe today—at least I try to be. But before he died I was a shy guy, shy and quiet. Nobody in the world could ever picture me as a politician. Everybody was sure I'd end up being a teacher, or a writer.

"BUT I WENT INTO POLITICS because Joe died. He was gone and I was still here and it came very naturally to me that I would take his place . . . After a while, I got to love politics. It became my whole life—the way it would have been Joe's . . . But at the beginning I didn't do it for myself. . . .

"I come from a strange family maybe, Jackie. We're very close. And we have a hero. We loved Joe while he lived. And we honor him now that he's dead . . . And just as I went into politics because Joe died, if anything happened to me, if I died, my brother Bobby would run for my seat in the Senate. And if Bobby died, Teddy would take over for him.

"That's the way it's got to be, Jackie." He turned to look at her again. "That's the way it's got to be."

"I know," she said.

"I may die, you know, Jackie," he said then.

"Please, Jack—" she started to say.

"And if I do," he said, "I just wanted you to hear this story, in case you wondered about me, why I spent so much time doing what I had to do . . . I know," he said, "that it's been hard on you—"

"Please, Jack—"

"I know there've been times, like when you lost the baby—"

"Jack!" She began to sob suddenly. "I don't care about me anymore. Don't you understand? I only want you, Jack. I only want you to live. I want you to *live.*"

"I'll try," he said, "with every bit of strength that's left in me." He smiled again. "Don't you go worrying about that, Jackie."

He smiled.

"I'll try," he said, ". . . . for you, for me, for the family we hope to have someday, for the good life I owe you, my Jackie . . . my sweetheart. . . ."

And later, much later, when Jack was asleep, she got on her knees, and she prayed, with tears in her eyes, that the miracle would be.

. . . It was. END

Jerry Lewis, now a writer-director-actor-producer, is in a unique position: As a member of the Screen Writers Guild he had to stop writing "The Lady's Man," when the writers called a strike. As an actor in "The Bell Boy" he voted for the Screen Actors Guild strike, even if it's against himself. Barney Balaban, head of Paramount, phoned to ask how he felt. "As a producer and director, great," said Lewis, "but as a writer and actor—not so good."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

A Last Minute Letter to Debbie

(Continued from page 31)

ears ago at a party at Ann Miller's home. was married to Vic Orsatti then, and nn's date was a tall, quiet man with sad yes behind horn-rimmed glasses, and a ny, diffident manner.

Everybody at the party was having fun xcept this man. He sat alone most of the me and I kept thinking he looked like forlorn little cocker spaniel. Later, I aw him sitting alone in the library and I tarted talking to him, not because I was nterested in him, but out of sheer sym-athy. I was to learn that Harry has an mazing talent for attracting sympathy. 's one of the things that draws people o him and makes them stick with him.

OUR PATHS DIDN'T CROSS for sev-ral months after that, and in those months nany things happened to me. Vic and I ere divorced and I returned to my areer. I was under contract to MGM and o-starring in a film with Gene Kelly when alph Freed, one of the people on the icture, came over to me and said, "There's guy who's dying to meet you."

I said, "No, thanks. I'm too busy to meet new man."

"But he insists upon meeting you. He's arry Karl—says he met you once before nd would like to date you now that ou're free. He's too shy to call you un-ess he knows you'll be receptive to his all."

I recalled the shy man with the sad yes and said, "Tell you what. I want to ive some bubble gum to the children of friend of mine. If he sends me a box of 00 pieces of gum, I'll go out with him."

The next day Ralph brought me not one, ut one hundred boxes of bubble gum rom Harry. That's Harry Karl for you. hen he wants to make an impression on girl he goes all out, whether it's bubble um or diamonds.

I dated him, of course. And we started o see each other from that time on until e were married one year later. Harry arl in a courtship is something to see. e's overpoweringly attentive to the girl. was bowled over by his thoughtfulness. hen I said I wanted to go here or there, arry had the tickets. When I said I anted this or that, Harry got it. He lit y cigarettes, poured the cream in my offee, put my wrap over my shoulders nd had his staff run errands for me. I'm woman. I was very impressed. And be-ides, those big, sad eyes used to tear at y heart.

I understand he's that attentive to you, Debbie, and I hope that your disenchant-ment doesn't come after the wedding as mine did.

We didn't even have a home of our own when we got married. We moved into the guest house of my parents' home in the Valley. We couldn't afford a home of our own at the time; Harry had a large busi-ness debt to pay off. To help him pay off that debt, I continued working. With my movie salary and personal appearance tours, I was earning in the neighborhood of $3500 a week. This was a big help dur-ing a period in Harry's life when he needed financial help.

We were happy at this time. I was busy with my career, Harry had his own rou-tine. It was a routine, I was to discover later, that continued even when it brought me loneliness and heartache. He'd get up early in the morning, go to his office, work there till noon, then take off for one of his clubs, the Friars of Hillcrest, where he'd play cards until evening. Then he'd come home, his energies spent, silent and preoccupied. At first, I didn't mind this. I was busy with my work and I didn't realize that Harry was away quite so much of the time, nor that he was so glum around the house when he was home.

I didn't realize either, until much later, that Harry apparently was just as much in love with the glamour of my career as he was with me as a woman. For soon afterwards, something happened to open my eyes to this.

WE HAD MOVED into a home of our own in the Valley and after we were set-tled in it, I had a great desire to be just a housewife and mother. I'd been in show business ever since I was 13—I'd had an exciting career; I'd been known in pic-tures as "The Body" and had starred in many films. I had dozens of scrapbooks bulging with clippings. I wanted to say good-bye to all that now that I was mar-ried, and start to have a family.

When I mentioned this to Harry I was appalled at his lack of enthusiasm. How-ever, I was so obsessed with the idea of having a baby that I didn't let his own coolness to the idea deter me. I was the happiest girl in the world when the doctor told me that I was going to have a baby.

But Harry didn't feel that way at all. He didn't display much sympathy when I was ill, and he became bored with my morning sickness. Because I am one of those women who run into difficulties dur-ing pregnancy (eventually I was to have six miscarriages), my doctor insisted that I remain in bed. How I wished at the time that my husband would stay with me to help me pass the time. It would have made things much easier. But Harry can't seem to stand any kind of unpleasant situation around his wife. It may be due to a great sensitivity within him. I discovered during my married life with him that he loves his women to move in a perpetual cloud of glamour. He seems to be repelled when the woman is incapacitated or in need of sympathy.

He fell in love with me because I was Marie McDonald, a movie star who was glamourous on and off the screen. But watching me as I lay in bed, fighting to preserve the life of my unborn baby, ap-parently was not what he had bargained for. He seemed indifferent at a time when I needed a warm and comforting husband. I can understand what made him behave the way he did, but it didn't help matters. He began to leave earlier and earlier for his office; return later and later from his clubs.

When it finally occurred to me that he was probably avoiding me because he wanted a gay, not a bedridden wife, I de-fied my doctor's orders and got out of bed and joined Harry on a trip he was making to San Francisco.

Eventually, I lost the baby.

Harry, meanwhile, had begun to prosper. He became bored with our simple Early American house in the Valley, and wanted something more pretentious. One day he brought me to see a vast English Tudor style house on Sunset Boulevard in Bev-erly Hills and said, "This is going to be our new home."

Possessions mean different things to dif-ferent people. Harry has always been with-drawn by nature and has always had an inferiority complex. To Harry, this mag-nificent estate on five valuable acres rep-resented stature and security. It gave him a feeling of importance.

I didn't have Harry's sense of insecurity. I didn't need a mansion to make me feel accepted. After we moved in, the gloom of this big house that had more rooms than I could possibly count, oppressed me. We had to pay $5,000 a month just for servants to run this monster. We were running into debt to keep up this big place and tensions were beginning to flare up between us.

Because Harry has some wonderful traits, I still thought our marriage could be saved. And I wanted, desperately, to have a child. After several miscarriages which left me ill and depressed, I was able to convince Harry that we should adopt a baby. To my great joy we adopted not one, but two babies in quick succes-sion; Denise and Harrison, who are ten years old today and only a few months apart.

I WOULDN'T let my babies out of my sight. I'd run the nurse out of the nursery and sleep there myself, my hand in Dee-dee's, just to feel her close by and hear both my babies breathing as they slept. I didn't realize it then, but I believe that one of the reasons I clung so to my babies was because with them I found the warmth and the feeling of being needed that I didn't find with Harry.

As I became more wrapped up in the children and home, Harry became more indifferent. It was a habit of his I was to grow to understand later: domesticity in a woman bores him. Once the glamourous trappings are shed, Harry ceases to be in-terested in that woman. Even if that wom-an is his wife.

When we had first dated, my natural gaiety acted as a stimulus to him. But once we were settled in a home of our own, with two babies in the nursery, he didn't try to conceal his boredom. When he'd come home, he'd go up to his room, have dinner sent up on a tray and have it in bed, then lie in bed and watch television all night. He'd remain in bed, have his meals there and be fastened to the TV set all week end.

This kind of thing almost drove me out of my mind. The house was gloomy enough; this was an added pall. I discov-ered Harry is not able to create his own fun. There are many people like that, and this in itself is not a fault. But I think it's important for you, Debbie, to know this because you have such a gay personality. Harry will always adore you if you retain your gaiety and spirit of fun.

In order to pep up things around the house, I would ask friends over without telling Harry, and after they'd arrived, I would go up to Harry (usually still en-sconced in bed watching TV) and tell him that friends had dropped in. Then he would get up, dress and come down. I must say, however, that when he enter-tained our friends he was a very gracious host.

Many times, in order to win Harry's companionship, I would force myself to be laughing and gay and dare him to join me in a moonlight swim in the pool. I had to use my imagination all the time to draw him into each new adventure, and con-tinually keep him intrigued. I became so exhausted trying to stimulate Harry's in-terest that I finally had to give up. Besides, I had begun to assume his type of lethargy and my personality suffered. Friends no-ticed I wasn't as vivacious as I used to be. I hope you never have to go through this, Debbie, for your vivacity is one of your most delightful traits.

Not only was Harry's moody behavior reacting on my personality, I began to develop heart spasms. After several attacks I realized I could no longer live with him. In Harry's defense I must say he never intended to upset me; he is a man who means well. But his attitude of indifference and his silent moods were beginning to

hurt me. I decided to ask for a divorce.

The divorce was quick. I obtained it in Las Vegas, and once I was free I felt like my old self again. I was bursting with vitality and gaiety, and picked up my career again, this time as a night club star.

The results were astounding: I played in Las Vegas and Park Avenue to capacity audiences. Offers came from London, Paris and other European capitals, and I flew there to keep the engagements.

In Europe, I had a ball. I'd sweep on the stage wearing minks, and I'd sweep into night clubs on the arm of a man the same way. I began to date Mike Wilding, who had recently been divorced by Liz Taylor. All this hoopla got back to Hollywood. In no time at all, Harry showed up in Europe and began pursuing me madly. I led him a merry chase. Although he hadn't been overly generous to me when I was his wife, now he deluged me with jewels and furs. Harry on the pursuit is like Santa Claus in action: he can't do enough for the woman he is pursuing. He chases her and showers costly gifts on her. Sentimental gifts, as well, which are guaranteed to make her melt, like the time he sent so many roses to my dressing-room in London I could scarcely get into the room. I was touched.

I THOUGHT HE HAD CHANGED. Courting me again, he seemed so charming, thoughtful and sociable, quite different from the glum, uncommunicative man I had been married to.

We went to a justice of the peace and were married again.

But shortly after our marriage, something happened to make him revert to the old Harry. I'd suffered an injury while I was dancing on stage, and I had to go into the hospital, with a cast placed on my leg. Instead of displaying the devotion I longed for, Harry reacted as he had when we were married the first time: he tried to duck the unpleasant situation. Suddenly, he was off on a business trip to New York. Lying alone in the hospital, I had to face the realization all over again that Harry always seemed to run from a woman when she was not her glamourous self; he couldn't offer himself when she was sick or in trouble.

When I returned home, I had to rest. That meant I had to cancel my night club bookings. Again, Harry became the cold, silent husband so deadly familiar to me. Again, his retreat to his room where he would remain in bed for an entire week end, staring silently at the TV set in front of him. When the children wanted to see him, they had to go to his room and share him with the television set.

Just when things began to press in on me again, I made a happy discovery. I was pregnant again. I was determined to have this baby.

This time I followed the doctor's advice to a T. I stayed in bed—even if Harry did have to go off on his business trips or find relaxation in his clubs.

I had plenty of time to be alone and think. And I thought a lot. One day the reason for Harry's actions became alarmingly clear to me. It was like some kind of pattern: he would become greatly attracted to a glamourous woman, a woman who was beautiful, famous, at the peak of her career, desired by other men. Once some of those qualities vanished, his interest waned. This was the case with me, anyway. When he first met me, I was a star, had many beaux. After I married him, I gave up my career, settled down. He became disinterested. After I divorced him and embarked on a night club career, he became intrigued all over again, pursuing me over half the world. But now when I was ill, my career on the shelf again, I scarcely saw Harry. . . .

It was so clear. I was afraid the emotional strain might cause a miscarriage again. Months before our baby was born, I consulted a lawyer about a divorce.

When our baby, Tina Marie, was born, Harry had to be notified in Las Vegas, where he had gone to keep a date with Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Tina was such a tiny infant she had to be placed in an incubator, her existence in peril. I called Harry in Vegas to tell him about the danger his own baby faced, but apparently he was too busy in Las Vegas to come home. Tina was born in September; in January Harry saw his own baby daughter.

IT HAS BEEN THREE YEARS now that Harry and I have been divorced. Financially, he has been a good father to our three children. But how I wish he could find the time to see them more often than the two or three times a year he has visited them so far. Tina looks exactly like him, and I'd hoped that seeing his face in delightful miniature in hers might make him feel closer to her. I am sure that some day it will.

Since our divorce I have returned to my career and I am happy with my work and with my children.

Much has also happened to Harry. He has become involved in a headlined friendship with you, Debbie. I have heard that you and Harry are planning to marry soon, and I hope you will be happy. Don't let marriage shear you of your glamour, Debbie. That was a mistake I made. Perhaps you can profit by my experience when I was married to Harry, avoid repeating them, and thus have a happy and enduring marriage.

I wish you the best.

Best wishes,
Marie McDonald

Debbie has two new Columbia pictures: she stars in TRY, TRY AGAIN *and has a guest spot in* PEPE.

These Are Our Heartaches and Our Blessings

(Continued from page 41)

Only Kelly, their four-year-old, was her usual wide-awake and bright-eyed self.

"Okay, sweetheart," Tony said to her, yawning, "it's way past your bedtime."

"Do I *have* to go to bed?" she asked.

"Please, Kelly," Janet said, "we've had a long day of work, your Daddy and I. Daddy, especially—he's been working every night till way past midnight on his picture. And we've had a tough drive. And we're tired. So please?"

They took her into her room and tucked her in.

"Now," Janet said, lowering her head: *"Our Father. . . ."*

"Our Father. . . ." Kelly repeated.

"Who art in heaven. . . ."

"Who art in heaven. . . ."

"Hallowed—" Janet started to say.

"Daddy," Kelly said, looking up at Tony, who stood close to the little bed, his eyes closed, the picture of reverence some other time maybe, a panorama of exhaustion right now. "Daddy, but you're not in *heaven!*"

"I know," Tony nodded, opening his eyes a little. "I hear they get some sleep up there!"

"KELLY," EXPLAINED JANET. "'Our Father' in the prayer doesn't refer to Daddy. It refers to God who is the father of us all. . . ."

"Oh," said Kelly.

"Now," Janet said, "—and no more interruptions please—let's finish our prayer."

They did.

"Daddy!" Kelly called then.

"Yes?" asked Tony, his eyes snapping open again.

"Before I go to sleep, would you read me the story of Scit-Scat the Pussycat?"

"I can't," said Tony. He smiled. "That's in a book we left home. I don't remember it."

"Yes you do," Kelly said. "*I* do."

"Then why, dear," asked Janet, "don't you tell it to yourself after the lights are out?"

"Because I forget the ending," Kelly said, "and what happens to the poor little orphan pussycat."

"He gets adopted," tattled the star of *Psycho.*

"Yeah—adopted," said Tony.

"Oh, that's right," said Kelly. "But—I want to hear how *you* tell it, Daddy."

Between yawns, reluctantly, Tony told it.

"All right *now?"* Janet asked then. "Enough for one night? Are you ready *now* to go to sleep?"

"Oh yes," said Kelly, "just as soon as we finish singing."

"Singing?" Janet asked. "Tonight? Here?"

"We always sing at home," Kelly said. "And isn't this our home, too? And shouldn't people love their homes, like you told me that time, Mommy, and sing in them for happiness?"

"Mmmmmmmm," Janet said. And before she knew it, she was joining her young daughter in their current medley of nighttime hits: *I've Got A Crush On You, Matilda, My Funny Valentine, My Darling Clementine, The Girl That I Marry* and *Yes, We Have No Bananas.*

"Now—" Janet started again.

"Okay," said Kelly, "just as soon as *you* hear *my* new song. I learned it for you both special today, from Sue Ellen next door, so's we can sing it at her party next month."

Without further ado, she began:

"Thanksgiving, Thanksgiving, Thanksgiv-ing
"The Pilgrims were all glad to be liv-ing
"They'd 'scaped from the Indians, the Apache's and Sioux's
"They couldn't wait to eat their turkeys 'n tell each other the nioux's. . . ."

She stopped.

"Very nice," Tony said, beginning to clap.

"No, Daddy, there's lots more," said Kelly. "I was just taking a breath."

Desperately, Tony began to dance a groggy Charleston, on the spot, in hopes of distracting his daughter.

It half-worked.

"When's Thanksgiving?" Kelly asked.

"The last Thursday in November," said Janet.

"And why do we have it?" Kelly asked.

"To give thanks," Janet said. "To pause

and thank the Lord for all our blessings . . . In our case, we thank him for giving us you, and Jamie, and for all the other wonderful things he's given us."

"And," added Tony, "if you want to see a preview of Thanksgiving, right here, tomorrow, you just be a good girl and go to sleep now, and let me and Mommy sleep late in the morning . . . and *we'll* be the two most *thankful* people in town."

"You're funny, Daddy," said Kelly.

"Will you?" Tony asked, bending down and kissing her. "—Let us sleep late tomorrow? As a big and special favor to me? To Mommy?"

"Sure, Daddy," said Kelly.

"Sure!"

"THAT WAS SOME SONG Sue Ellen taught her," Janet laughed a little while later, as she sat fixing her hair for the night.

"I'd hate to have heard the next twelve verses," Tony said, from bed.

"She *is* adorable, though, that child of ours," Janet said.

Tony nodded. "She's the end," he said.

"And she's a good child, too," Janet said proudly. "Just like Jamie is. . . . Of course, they *do* have their days. But they're certainly not like some of these other kids you keep hearing about. Always cranky. Always fussing."

"Not our dolls," agreed Tony.

Janet clipped the last of the curlers to her hair, rose and walked over to a panel on the wall. She pushed a button, which connected with the inter-com system in Jamie's room. Then she pushed another button, which connected with Kelly's room.

She listened for a moment.

The silence in both rooms was lovely.

"Sleep well," she whispered then, as she got into bed, alongside Tony. "Sleep well, darling."

Tony already was sleeping, very well.

Janet lay her head back on the pillow And she smiled as once more she listened to the silence about her—lovely, so lovely.

And then, she too slept.

At five-thirty the next morning, promptly, it began.

Pandemonium!

"It was the beginning of one of those days," Janet says, "on which Doctors Spock and Gesell, had they been around, would have run back to their offices and taken down their diplomas. . . . At five-thirty came the screaming, from Kelly's room. She's at an age in which nightmares are not uncommon. And, let me tell you, she was having one now. . . ."

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" Tony asked as he and Janet rushed into her room.

Kelly bounded up from bed and threw herself in Tony's arms.

"The big fat beetle was sleeping with me, Daddy," she cried, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

Tony continued holding her. He looked over her shoulder. "There's no big fat beetle here anymore, Kelly," he said, after a moment.

"He's *hiding* now," said Kelly, confidentially. "You just look for him, Daddy. And you'll find him."

Tony put her down and began to search the room—under the bed, under the rug, behind the curtains, the closet, the bathroom adjoining the room.

"See?" he said, when he thought he was through. "No beetle."

"Did you look in the drawers?" Kelly asked, pointing to a bureau.

Tony walked over to it. He opened one drawer, then another, then another. He had just opened the fourth and final drawer, when suddenly, something shot up and hit him in the eye.

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"Aaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!" he shouted.

He looked down to the floor then, and saw a green rubber frog rolling away from him.

"That's Freddie, Daddy," Kelly said. "He always jumps when you get him jiggled."

Tony looked up and over at his daughter. He tried to force a laugh. "Well," he said, "—and wasn't that funny?"

"No," Kelly said. "I'm still afraid . . . Please someone," she said, "please stay with me for a little while."

Tony and Janet went into a huddle. One of them should stay, they knew. But who?

They chose for it.

Janet lost.

Smilingly, sprintingly, Tony began to head back for the big bedroom.

HE'D ALMOST MADE IT, too, when he heard the noises, coming from the *other* room.

"Honey," he heard Janet's voice call then, "will you see what's wrong with Jamie? She's crying."

Ten minutes later, Tony stumbled back into Kelly's room. Jamie was in his arms. "She's *still* crying," he said. "What's *wrong* with her?"

"Mouf, mouf," the baby muttered, between sobs.

Janet looked into her mouth. "Poor thing," she said, "—she's teething."

"But she's teethed before," Tony said. "She's had plenty of teeth in her time."

"This one's a molar," Janet said. "Tony, just take her to her room and put some lotion on her gum. That'll soothe her, and then she'll go back to sleep."

Tony went.

"Aaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!" Janet heard him shout a few minutes later.

"Honey," she called, "what happened?"

"Jamie bit me," Tony called back, "that's what happened."

Janet shook her head. "Honey, *easy* when you put on the lotion," she said, "and then just put her down. And she'll go back to sleep." She crossed her fingers. "You'll see. . . ."

"Needless to say Jamie didn't go back to sleep that morning, nor did Kelly, nor Tony, nor did I," Janet says, remembering. "At about seven o'clock, when the commotion had quieted down, I decided I'd make breakfast. Things went pretty well for that next forty-five minutes or so. Oh sure, Kelly accidentally flung a spoonful of corn flakes and banana into Tony's hair. And Jamie gave her high-chair a shove at one point, while she was in it, and nearly gave us heart failure as she started to fall over. But, I mean, it was relatively quiet, breakfast was. And things stayed quiet till all the way up to about nine o'clock, believe it or not. . . ."

By nine, Tony had gone back to bed for a while. Janet was on the phone, ordering some groceries from a nearby market. The children were outside, in a sand-box, "playing."

Suddenly, again, there came a scream, long and loud.

Janet hung up the receiver and raced outside. The first thing she saw was Jamie, lying on the grass, blood trickling from her lip.

As Janet rushed over to her bawling child, she looked around for Kelly.

And there was Kelly, sitting in the sand-box, pretty as an angel, quiet as a church mouse, watching.

"Kelly," Janet called, "what happened?"

"Jamie fell against the fence there and hurt her mouth," said Kelly.

"She got out of the sand-box herself?" Janet asked, as she got on her knees and began to lift Jamie from the grass.

"Yes, Mommy," said Kelly. "And *I* didn't follow her. And *I* didn't push her."

"Are you sure?" Janet asked.

"Well," said Kelly, "maybe I was there for a minute. And maybe I touched her. . . ."

"Kelly," Janet said, "you know that Jamie doesn't like to be—"

She interrupted herself.

"Jamie!" she called then, watching the little girl who had just managed to slip from her arms. "Where are you going, Jamie?"

Jamie didn't answer. But it was obvious that she was headed for her sister.

"Ja-mie!" Janet called.

"I didn't push you on purpose, Jamie," Kelly said. "You know that."

Jamie had reached the sand-box and Kelly by this time. For one moment, she looked her big sister square in the eye. And then, the next moment, she lifted her arm, made a fist and she hauled off and slugged her one.

"Mommmmmyyyyy," Kelly began to scream now.

"My mouuuuuffffff," Jamie screamed, conscious again of her boo-boo.

"Tonnnnnyyyyy," Janet called. "Help. Tonnnnnnnyyyyyyyy!"

He came running out of the house. He wore only his shorts. He rubbed his eyes. "Wh-what's wrong?" he asked.

"It's one of those days, Tony," Janet said. "the kind I bragged *we* never had . . . The children. They're cranky and fussy. We've got to keep them amused. And separately, for now. I'll take Kelly. You take Jamie . . . Come on, Kelly," she said.

"Where are you taking her?" Tony asked.

"To the grocer's, to ride ponies, to fish—I don't know," Janet said.

"And how about me?" asked Tony.

"You stay with Jamie," said Janet.

"But I'm supposed to get some sleep," Tony moaned.

"Tonight, honey," Janet said, "—if it's the last thing we ever do, tonight we'll get some sleep. . . ."

"THE REST OF THAT DAY was incredible," Janet says. "Our two good girls. What had happened to them, we wondered. There's an old Arabic saying that goes: 'Once in a while the sun slants wrong on a family and, for the day, things do not sit well with family.' That's a free translation. But you get what I mean. Because this was the day that Arabic saying was applying to us, and the sun sure was not slanting right . . . All day it went on. The children wouldn't eat their lunch. They wouldn't nap. They wouldn't play the way they were used to playing. Late in the afternoon some friends dropped by. Kelly, normally the gentlest and friendliest of girls, announced in her loudest voice, after the people had gone into the garden to see her: 'No, I won't say hello. I'll only say goodbye when you *go!*' And Jamie, normally so sweet, so careful, managed to break one lamp, one ashtray and, finally, one high-chair which, luckily, she wasn't in at the time.

"If lunch was a catastrophe, dinner was worse. I had all of their favorite foods for them that night. But did it matter? No. They nibbled like they were eating a strange Tibetan meal, and then they stopped eating, and then they complained, a lot, loudly, and the complaining went on and on and on.

"But then, suddenly—miraculously, I guess you could say—what rays of sun were left in the early-evening sky began slanting our way. Because, suddenly, the noise stopped, and the complaining, and the children began to yawn, and even to smile, and very quietly, sweetly, they indicated that they were ready to go to bed.

"We put Jamie in her crib first, kissed her and cuddled her and watched her go off to sleep.

"Then it was Kelly's turn. She was like a different child; her old self again. She got into her pajamas and she hugged us, Tony and me, hard. And then she said, 'Mommy . . . Daddy . . . I think I've been a bad girl today. But I won't be anymore . . . I've been thinking,' she said, 'about what you told me last night about Thanksgiving, next month. And when it comes I really want you to be thankful for having had me. And so I'm sorry about how I was today, and I'm sure Jamie is too. And from now on we're going to be the best little girls in the whole wide world. And we're going to have the happiest Thanksgiving, too. You wait and see.'

"It was so touching, the way she said that, that Tony and I nearly wept.

"'No, Mommy,' she said then, 'may I say my prayers with you, like always?'

"'Yes, dear,' I said.

"'And Daddy, will you tell me one quick story, like always?' she asked.

"'Yes, darling,' said Tony.

"Then, the prayers and the story over with, we kissed her, put out the light and went to the living room. There, we sat and watched some TV for an hour. And then, on tip toes, we gently stole off to our room.

"We were in bed in a jiffy. Finally, *finally*, we were in bed.

"I had turned on the inter-coms and everything was so quiet, so peaceful.

"And off we fell, to sleep, at last."

Janet began to tremble a little here.

"And then," she said, "*and then. . . .*"

IT WAS ABOUT TWO A.M. when the little voice came roaring over the intercom.

"Mommy! . . . Mommy!"

"It's Kelly," Janet said, startled, awakening.

"Probably another nightmare," Tony said.

"Oh, the poor child," said Janet.

They rushed into their daughter's room.

"Hi," Kelly greeted them, smiling, sitting up in her bed.

"Is . . . is something supposed to be wrong here?" Tony asked.

"Yes, Daddy," Kelly said. "Mommy and I forgot something."

"What?" Janet asked.

"Well, we said our prayers, like always," Kelly explained, "and you told me a story, like always, Daddy . . . But *you* Mommy, you forgot to sing with me, like always!"

"Sing?" Janet asked. "Tonight? Now?"

"We always sing at home," Kelly said, "and—"

"I know," said Janet. "I know."

She sat down on the bed alongside her daughter.

"All right, Kelly," she said, "we'll sing. But very fast this time, huh? And no lingering over the high notes?"

"All right," Kelly said.

Janet cleared her throat.

"I've got a crush on you—" she began.

"Sweetie pie-yyyyyy—" Kelly joined in.

"Mommy," she said, stopping, pointing. "What's Daddy doing?"

Janet looked down.

"He's laughing," she said.

"On the floor?" Kelly asked.

"That's what they call hysterical laughter, dear," Janet said. ". . . Now come on, we've got five songs to go after this. . . ."

"All the day and nighttime—" she began again, trying hard to hold in her own laughter.

"Hear me ca-ryyyyyy—" Kelly joined in, shaking her head, not getting the big joke at all. . . . **END**

Janet can still be seen starring in PSYCHO, *and Tony stars next in Universal-International's* THE SIXTH MAN *and* THE GREAT IMPOSTOR; SPARTACUS.

The Love Story of Pat and Dick

(*Continued from page 21*)

Later that night, the lawyer showed up at her door.

He handed Pat a package.

"If I were rich," he said, "I'd have bought you another collie . . . But since I only had six dollars on me, this was the best I could do."

Pat opened the package.

Inside was a small woodcut, of a dog, a collie.

With it was a note which read: "May I have the pleasure of being your new friend?"

Pat knew now that this man, "this sweet, wonderful fellow," was the man for her.

As only a woman can, she got him to propose officially to her later that night. And when he did she said, breathlessly, as if surprised and delighted, "Why *yes!*"

There was only one slight hitch, the lawyer told her then. "My mother's a little worried about your having a 'Hollywood' background. It won't make any difference for us either way. But I'd like you to meet her and show her what you're really like . . . Okay?" he asked.

"Oh boy," said Pat.

HANNAH NIXON SAT ALONE with Pat in the Nixon parlor that next afternoon. They sat next to one another on a small couch. On a table in front of them were two cups of tea and an aging scrapbook.

"I know my Richard must be in love with you," said Mrs. Nixon, beginning, her voice very matter-of-fact, her eyes never once off Pat. "In the past whenever he came back from other dates he talked not of romance but about such things as what might have happened to the world if Persia had conquered the Greeks, or what might have happened if Plato had never lived . . . But after his dates with you, Miss Ryan, well, he talked only of you."

There was something about the way she'd said *you* that caused Pat to move a little, uncomfortably, in her seat.

"Now," Mrs. Nixon went on, "since you're going to marry Richard, I guess there's a lot you'll want to know about him . . . First of all, let's see; yes, there's food to be discussed. Most foods don't interest Richard, you know. But there *are* two things he likes. One is cherry pie. One is rump roast beef . . . Do you know how to prepare *them*, Miss Ryan? Pie and rump roast?"

"Yes," said Pat, "I do."

"Hmmmm," said Mrs. Nixon. "Now—about clothes. I'm afraid you're going to have to do a lot of Richard's shopping. If his brother Donald needs a new suit, Richard will buy it. But if Richard needs one, he'll get me to buy it, or do without it . . . That's a job you'll be having to take over, Miss Ryan. Will you mind *that?*"

"Oh no, not at all," said Pat.

"You'll find, too," Mrs. Nixon went on, "that Richard is a hard worker. But work for him has *not* been connected with making money. I have never heard him express a desire to be a financial success . . . Does that matter to you, Miss Ryan, if your husband is *not* a financial success?"

"It would have a few years ago, when I was younger, sillier," said Pat. "It doesn't any more."

Mrs. Nixon smiled, a tiny bit.

Then she said, "I hear you're an orphan."

"Yes," said Pat.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Nixon. "—Your mother passed on first?"

"Yes," said Pat. "When I was a young girl. Her heart gave way."

"And your father?"

"He died just as I was finishing up high school. He had silicosis. I tried to nurse him as well as I could. But—"

"BUT WHILE THEY LIVED," Pat said, "they were very happy. I'm glad for that. I thank God for that."

Again Mrs. Nixon smiled, a little.

Then she reached forward and picked up the scrapbook in front of her. She turned a few pages.

"This," she said then, pointing to a photograph, "is Richard, right after birth."

Pat grinned.

"He was adorable," she said.

"A very well-formed baby, I thought," said Mrs. Nixon. "And *this*," she said then, "is Richard at nine months, the time he said his first word. It was 'bird.' He was referring to a white horse of ours named Bird."

"Dick's told me about him," said Pat.

"And this," she said then, "is Richard at ten, the time he said to us he wanted to be a lawyer when he grew up. We thought he would be a musician, he had such a good ear on the piano; or maybe even a preacher, he could talk so well. But he said 'lawyer' one day, and I could see he had a sense of justice about him.

"You see," she said, "we had a store at the time and we found that one of the customers had been shoplifting. Everybody thought that I should turn the woman over to the police. But Richard said 'Don't do it, Mother. If they arrest that woman, it will ruin the lives of her two children.' I followed Richard's advice. And I've never been sorry I did."

When she was through talking, she saw Pat kiss her own fingers and then bring them down, softly, onto the photograph.

"What made you do that?" Mrs. Nixon asked.

"I don't know," Pat shrugged. "I guess it's that up till now I loved the man . . . But now I love the boy that he used to be, too."

"Well—" said Hannah Nixon.

And then, for the first time that afternoon, she smiled, really smiled, a warm and deep smile.

"Well—" she said again, "that was a very nice thing for you to say.

"And I'm glad, Pat, very glad that you're the girl who's going to marry my son."

Pat and Dick Nixon were married early in 1940, in a Quaker church in Riverside, California.

When—soon after the United States entered World War II—Dick joined the Navy, Pat quit her schoolteaching job and followed her husband, happily, in her usual happy-go-lucky way, from billet to billet.

They lived in Washington for a while, then Iowa, then Philadelphia. When Dick was sent to the Pacific, Pat took an apartment in San Francisco and a job there, as a stenographer.

Finally, towards the war's end, Dick came back to the States and he and Pat took off together for Baltimore and his last Navy assignment.

In Baltimore, after a while, Pat became pregnant.

And in Baltimore, too, after a while, Dick received the telegram that was to change the course of their entire lives.

The telegram read:

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"What do you think?" Dick asked Pat after they'd read it.

"I think it's great," she said. "It's a real big honor. You should be mighty proud."

"I probably wouldn't win," Dick said, "even if I do tell them yes."

"So what?" said Pat. "It'll probably get us back to Whittier, quicker than we'd planned . . . And if you lose, we'll get ourselves a little house there and we'll have our baby there, you'll open up a law office again, and—and meanwhile, Dick," she said, "a political campaign. I bet that'll be an awful lot of *fun*! . . . ."

It was night, in California, several months later.

DICK HAD WON THE NOMINATION a few days earlier. The campaign had officially begun.

But now, this night, Pat lay in the hospital room, about to be taken to the delivery room, where she would give birth to her first child.

"I want my husband," she said, groggily, to the nurse who stood alongside her. "Where's my husband?"

"I phoned him, dear," the nurse told her. "Now don't you worry. He'll be here. Soon. . . "

Dick rushed into the room a few minutes later.

"Darling," he said, taking Pat's hand, "I just got the call. I was at the Elks', in the middle of a speech. I wanted to get here. To hold your hand . . . To give you this."

He bent and kissed her.

"Dick," Pat asked then, "are you going to stay—while I'm inside?"

He didn't answer at first.

"Dick?" she asked.

"I shouldn't, honey," he said then. "I should get back."

She closed her eyes.

"Pat," he said. "I've started this thing. For better or for worse. There are more than four hundred people back there, in that hall, waiting to hear what I've got to tell them. If I'm going to do this thing at all, Pat, I'm—"

He stopped. And, after a moment, Pat could hear a chair being pulled up next to her bed.

She opened her eyes.

She saw that Dick was seated next to her.

"I'm sorry, honey," she heard him say. "I'll stay. Of course I'll stay here with you. Nothing's more important to me than you, Pat . . . I don't know what got into me just now."

She looked up at him. She forced a smile as best she could. "No, Dick," she said. "I'm the one who's sorry. If you've got to go back, you've got to.

"Please, Dick," she said, "go back to your speech.

"I understand," she said.

"Believe me, Dick, I *do* understand."

And as she said that, she continued to force her smile; while, under the bedsheets, she clenched her fists, tightly, partly because of the pain inside her, and partly because of another pain . . . a pain she knew would never leave her and over which, she knew, neither she nor her husband would ever again have any control. . . .

Dick Nixon won the '46 election. And he and Pat and Tricia (the first of two daughters) moved to Washington.

For the next six years, first as a Congressman's wife, then as a Senator's, Pat learned fast that a perfect politician's wife must be silent, serene, well-controlled and always smiling.

BACK IN THE EARLY DAYS, however, Pat's only concern was her usefulness towards her husband. Was what she was doing the right thing for Dick? He seemed unusually happy here in Washington. His star was rising. Was she right in there, doing a good job for Dick, helping him in the hundred little ways that she could?

Finally, one night in July of 1952, it appeared to Pat Nixon that yes, she had done a good job.

Dick stood on a platform, waving his arms, smiling at the thousands of convention delegates who had just nominated him for the next Vice-Presidency of the United States of America.

And next to him Pat stood.

Yes, it seemed to Pat, that night—everything had been worth it.

Because everything, everything in Dick's life was just perfect now. . . .

But then, another night, shortly after, things began to change. A few hours earlier, a story had broken in the newspapers and on TV. Dick Nixon had been accused of illegally accepting funds and gifts (quite a bit of money, it was reported, as well as a dog named Checkers) from several wealthy Californians. Within these few hours since the story had appeared, public reaction had become nearly hysterical. There had been cries from the Democrats, and from many Republicans, too, for General Eisenhower to throw Dick Nixon off his ticket.

PAT HAD READ THE STORIES, heard the accusations.

She'd tried to rub them from her mind.

She sat there now, this night, in her living room, with her mother-in-law, silently, still trying.

When, suddenly, she heard the cars pull up the driveway—first one, then another, then a third.

A moment later, the front doorbell rang.

Pat didn't move.

"Aren't you going to answer?" asked Dick's mother.

"No," said Pat. "Not tonight, I'm not . . . Dick's inside, writing his talk. The children are asleep . . . I'm not going to have anybody disturbed tonight."

But then, after a while, when it seemed as if the bell would never stop ringing, Pat rose, and headed for the front door.

She opened it, quickly, nervously.

"Mrs. Nixon?" a reporter called.

"Yes?" she asked.

A flashbulb popped.

She blinked.

"Yes?" she asked again.

"We'd like some shots of your husband . . . and a statement."

"I'm sorry," she said. "He's in his office. He has a speech to give on television tomorrow. He's busy."

"How about the dog then? Can we get a picture of him?"

"I'm sorry, but—"

"Aw, c'mon, Mrs. Nixon. The whole world wants to see this pooch."

"I—"

"What do you say, Mrs. Nixon."

"C'mon, Mrs. Nixon."

"It's our job, lady. We've got to get that picture."

Pat found herself nodding. "All right," she said. "All right . . . but please, be quiet as you can. The girls are sleeping. I don't want to wake them."

"Sure thing, ma'am."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Nixon."

She opened the door wider.

The newspaper people rushed past her.

"Please now—" she started to say.

But they were already far past her, on their way up the stairs. They thumped up the stairs. And they shouted to one another. They acted like kids on a lark. Pat watched them, unbelievingly.

"Mama," she heard a voice call out to her, suddenly.

She looked up, to the top of the stairs.

A door was open there. In the doorway stood her two little girls, in their pajamas. their faces covered with fear.

"Mama," asked Tricia, the older one, "is anything wrong?"

Pat stood there, staring at her girls.

"Mama!"

"I don't know, Tricia," she said, finally

"Hey," one of the reporters called out to the girls. "Is this the door to the dog's room?"

"Yes," the girl said.

The men barged into the room.

"Mama," Julie, the younger daughter. called now. "what do they want with Checkers? What do they want with my doggie?"

"Nothing, sweetheart," Pat said. "They're just going to take his picture. That's all . . . Go back to your room now. Both of you. Go back to bed now."

She watched the two girls as they stepped back and closed their door. And then she walked back into the living room and over to a window.

"What's wrong, child?" her mother-in-law asked.

"I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE," Pat said, staring out of the window.

"I know," her mother-in-law started to say. "It's hard on you all sometimes. But—"

"I just can't take it any more," Pat went on. "It's *too* hard on the girls, too hard on me. And now, Dick—it's too hard on him."

"What are you going to do?" her mother-in-law asked.

"I'm going in to Dick, and talk to him." Pat said.

"What are you going to talk about?"

"I'm going to ask him to quit, to *quit*," Pat said. "I'm going to tell him that I want to go home. With him and our daughters. Home where we belong. Not here. Not here, where they scandalize us, and hurt us so much. Not here—"

She turned from the window and she faced her mother-in-law.

"You're his wife, Pat," the woman said "You know best."

"Yes," Pat said.

She took a deep breath.

And then she began to walk towards her husband's office.

Dick looked up at her. He'd been working hard and long and his eyes were tired-looking, very tired-looking.

"Yes, Pat?"

His voice was weary.

She stood there, in the doorway. She looked at him for a long time.

And as she did, she saw that there were tears in his eyes.

She had never seen him cry before.

Not once, since that first time they'd met.

"Yes, Pat?" he asked again.

In that moment that followed, she threw aside everything she had meant to say.

"I only wanted to see how you were, Dick," she said, instead. "—And . . . to tell you . . . please . . . to go on."

Then she walked over to where he sat.

And she put her arms around him.

"Go on," she said, again.

Then she, too, began to cry. . . . **END**

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Will Jack Lemmon Remarry Cynthia?

A Modern Screen "Back-of-the-Book" Special

On a sun bright day, a young man with a nervous grin on his boyish face led a trim young blonde girl by the hand up three short steps. He opened the door for her, and squeezed her hand tightly to reassure her that they were doing the right thing. *She* reassured *him* with a warm look. He braced his shoulders, and strode forward. In a few long moments, he was answering the question:

"Do you Jack Lemmon take Cynthia Stone to be your lawful wedded wife?"

His answer was clear and strong.

"I do."

The passersby scarcely took notice on that warm May 7th in 1950, when a happy pair of youngsters raced out into the Peoria, Illinois, sunshine to shout to the world passing by that they were, and always would be, man and wife.

"Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lemmon," they chorused happily, "and nothing can ever change that. Nothing!"

The honeymooners made it back to New York on a cloud of joy. Their cup seemed to overrun with good fortune when Jack hit it hot on a few television shows as an actor. Cynthia encouraged him, and with his natural talents spurred on by the bride, Jack began to move up fast in the world of grease paint and make believe.

As his star began to rise, Cynthia felt a little left out of things. Conferences, rehearsals, agents' plans all seemed to eat away at their time together. But, Jack, calling on his Boston Back Bay manners, excused himself from many of the conferences that others around him had set up, and gave of himself more dutifully to Cynthia.

"We'll call him Christopher," Jack proudly announced, when a bouncing baby boy joined their household.

In December of 1956, Chris Lemmon saw his daddy leave, and his mommy cry, but, he could not understand the why of either act. A judge in Las Vegas understood it better. He had granted Cynthia Lemmon a divorce, but to him it had seemed such a shame since both parties to the divorce action had seemed so friendly and attentive to each other.

When Cynthia married actor Cliff Robertson in August of 1957, Jack practically wished on a star for her happiness. He and Cynthia had remained close even through their trials, and now, she let Jack have complete visitation rights to see Chris.

"We're still the best of friends," Jack said. "and Cliff understands."

Cliff Robertson, a thoroughly nice guy, did understand. He and Jack became fast friends. Both were on Cynthia's side.

A while later, Cynthia gave birth to a little girl, who was christened Stephanie. Cliff and Cynthia seemed closer than ever at this point. Jack practically doted on the little girl, as well as his own son, Chris.

But, soon after Stephanie's birth, Cynthia announced she was leaving Cliff. A marriage that had looked good was over. No explanations were given. She simply announced the breakup and that was that.

Perhaps it was the separations caused by Cliff's movie assignments on location. Or, perhaps, as one friend said: "She never really stopped loving Jack."

Be that as it may, in the spring of 1959, Cynthia left Cliff, and so bitter was their split that she refused him unlimited visiting rights to Stephanie, as she had granted Jack with Chris.

Jack, in the meantime, had become one of the hottest personalities in pictures. His romp with Kim Novak and Jimmy Stewart in *Bell, Book, and Candle,* followed by his daffy dame impersonation with Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot,* had sent his stock soaring.

He was in great demand by every studio. But, he played it cool. He didn't want to get bogged down in a mess of second rate scripts. With all his skyrocketing, he found lots of time to visit with Cynthia, Chris, and little Stephanie.

"Cynthia and I have always been the best of friends," Jack said, but people began to notice the glow that lit up within him when he mentioned Cynthia's name.

They went out to lunch together. They talked about the children. And, Jack, good friend that he was, tried to iron out the differences between Cliff, his pal, and Cynthia, his beloved ex-wife. It was no go. Cynthia had shut Cliff out of her life.

Jack went into *The Apartment* for Billy Wilder, and it was the first time he'd ever been asked to carry the starring role in a film. Cynthia wished him the best of luck knowing full well that it was a turning point in Jack's career.

Jack, still seeing Felicia Farr, began to see more and more of Cynthia. They both rejoiced in his new success as if it were their own private party. Talk of Jack's marrying Felicia, his long time actress girl-friend, began to become less and less a topic. Instead, the wise money was beginning to re-examine Jack and his chances of winning Cynthia back again.

The tensions that had split them in 1955, when Jack was still on the borderline between supporting player and star-actor, had erased themselves by his personal success. And, he and Cynthia *had* been very much in love, had shared many laughs, and had always remained the best of friends, a feat not shared by very many ex-husbands and wives in Hollywood, or for that matter, not shared by many husbands and wives in the movie business.

Cliff came back into the fray, and tried to rewin Cynthia. Jack stepped aside, and watched as Cliff gave it his all. Cynthia said it later: "Cliff and I are just incompatible," and that seemed to answer the dream of Cliff Robertson.

Jack called Cynthia often. He wanted to find out about Chris, and baby Stephanie, whom he'd come to love as one of the family. They talked often and for long periods of time. The endearments they'd used long before with each other occasionally cropped into the conversations.

"I've got to go to New York, Cyn." Jack announced one day. "It's on business. I'm going to act in *Face Of A Hero* on Broadway."

Cynthia was happy for him. She knew Jack had always wanted to return to Broadway, ever since she'd gone through the opening night jitters with him when he'd played in *Room Service,* a revival of the famous Marx Brothers farce.

"I'll miss you, Jack," she said.

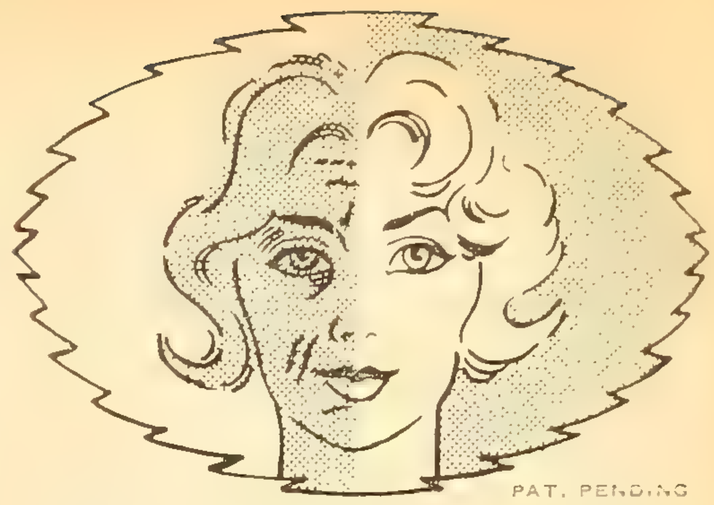
He knew he'd miss Cynthia too. They had recaptured many of the fun moments they'd known in their early courtship days. And, Jack had been happy to see the smile return to Cynthia's lovely face.

"I'll be back, Cyn," Jack said, and she knew he meant it.

Jack has indicated that he and Cynthia can make it for keeps this time. Everyone who knows and loves them watches hopefully. And, Jack and Cynthia, they just live every day one at a time. One at a time until the day they can say, once again, and for keeps, "I do."

This time, we know the "I do" will stick for good. Because, that's Lemmon's choice.

END



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I Was Too Poor To Have Dreams

(*Continued from page 34*)

their big bosoms, their curves, their slick-combed hair, their pouting months—they moved him all right. But only so far. "In the long run they're actresses or would-be actresses," he once said, "—and competitive, just like men. And who needs two of those in the same apartment for any length of time?"

HE HAD NO IDEA AT THE TIME—three years ago—that there was a girl for him, a girl named Ellie, a girl he would fall for and who would fall for him and who would change his mind about the subject of marriage, and even change him.

He had no idea of her existence three years ago.

He only knew that he was in one hell of a state.

And, sometimes, when he really pondered his fate, he would wonder how things, life, might have been for him if he weren't an actor; if Hollywood were some faraway place the ladies in the neighborhood read about, and not the place where he lived and worked . . . and he would wonder how things, life, might have been if the trouble hadn't started between his folks back in Naponee, Wisconsin, way back when he was just a kid of four; if his mother hadn't been beautiful and restless and if Mr. Ziegfeld had never told her to look him up should she ever decide to enter the glorious world of show business. . . .

"And he told me I *should*," he remembered her voice cry out that night, back in Naponee. Florenz Ziegfeld—she'd said. The greatest producer of them all. He'd been there in Atlantic City; there, at the Contest. He'd come up to her when the contest was over and he'd said, "I think, personally, Miss Graf, that *you* should have been elected Miss America. But know this," he said, "anytime you want to come work for me, you can, Miss Graf." . . . And that had been Florenz Ziegfeld speaking. *Ziegfeld!*

He remembered his mother's voice that night.

And he remembered his father's silence. And he remembered how it was that next morning, the morning after the trouble, standing there on the little platform of the Naponee railroad station, saying goodbye to his father, then getting on the train with his mother—just the two of them and those two big tan suitcases of theirs; how then, after a while, after they'd sat in their coach seats for a while and then had gone to have breakfast in the dining car and then had come back to their coach seats again, he had looked up at his mother and had seen that she was crying and he'd asked her, "Mama, where are we going?"

They were going to New York, he remembered her saying. Mama was going to have an interview with Mr. Ziegfeld, in his own private office. And then Mr. Z. was going to give her a part in one of his shows, like he'd said he would, and make her into what she'd always wanted to be—a star of the New York stage.

David remembered how his mother had cried, very softly and confused-like, for over an hour after she'd said that. . . .

His mother, strong and determined a woman as she was, had been very unhappy those next five years, he remembered. She had gotten to see Mr. Ziegfeld, all right. And he had given her a part in one of his productions, a big and fancy musical. Only it was a very small part and it was with one of the great impresario's touring shows, and not his New York company.

So, he remembered, for those next five years they'd traveled around the country, the mother (she'd divorced her husband in this time) and the son and their two big tan suitcases, from city to city, town to town, living in each place for a few weeks at a stretch and then packing, boarding a train and moving on, the mother more and more heartbroken that nothing really big was happening to her, the son more and more lost in a backstage world of bright lights, brash comedians, poker-playing musicians and self-loving and cutie-pie Follies girls.

It would be, David remembers, that they would get to a hotel in a new town and he'd walk down the street during the day while everybody else was asleep, looking for somebody to play with. He'd meet some kid, the son of the owner of the cafeteria where they ate maybe, or some kid who delivered papers to the hotel. They'd become friendly. Pals. And then, before he knew it, he would have to say goodbye and he would know that he would never see this kid again, not for as long as he lived . . . He didn't want this anymore. It hurt too much. He began to want to vomit every time he knew they were going to have to leave and he would have to say goodbye . . . So he avoided kids. He didn't look for friends anymore. This was the beginning of a lifetime occupation for David—not looking for friends. He became a brooder. He sat alone in hotel rooms. He became a boy who just existed. It was a lousy feeling—young as he was he knew this, that it was wrong, unnatural. But time passed and there was nothing he could do about it.

FINALLY, IN 1939, when David was nine, his mother left the Ziegfeld show and moved to Hollywood. Her aim was a final fling, a long shot: to try to get into pictures. She entered the movie town with high hopes and some money she'd saved. It wasn't long, however, before her hopes were gone, and her money; before she was working as a saleslady in the May Co. department store in order to make ends meet.

This was when she decided that her *son* would become an actor.

"Why?" David asked, the day she took time off from her job and started making the studio rounds with him.

"Because," she said, "you're a good-looking boy and you've got a good speaking voice and I think you'll make a fine actor . . . Besides," she added, "I don't want you ending up a short-order cook or a car-hop, God forbid."

("I've never figured," David says, smilingly, today, "why when my mother got excited she would pick on those two jobs. I think that deep-down she'd seen me sitting around those hotel rooms so long, doing nothing, she was really afraid I was going to wind up a plain ordinary bum!")

Within a few days after they'd started their tour of the moving picture studios, David landed his first role. The picture was called *Swamp Fire*. The stars were those two Tarzans of days gone by, Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe. The experience, for David, was one of mixed emotions.

On one hand he hated the work—"the director was always goading me. And I didn't like wearing powder and rouge."

But, on the other hand, David had few complaints, really. Because despite what happened Mondays through Fridays, from seven to seven, he knew that come evenings, come weekends, he could hop on a bus and go to a place called Home. It wasn't a big place, Home; only a four-room apartment, in fact; but for the first time in a long long time David Janssen had a room of his own and a mailbox with his and his mother's name on it and a storage room in the cellar with a lock on it, where they parked their two big tan suitcases. And the place was far from the railroad station. And there wasn't a cafeteria within blocks. And for the first time in a long long time young David felt something like what he knew other kids must feel like. And no, he was not complaining.

THINGS GOT EVEN BETTER after his mother re-married.

He'll never forget the night, when he was thirteen, a couple of years after the wedding, when his mother came into his room and sat alongside him on his bed. She'd just put her new baby daughter to sleep in her crib. She was smiling. "David," she said, out of the clear blue, it seemed, "would you like to give up picture work?"

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Just that," his mother said. "I'm proud of the work you've done, Davie. Maybe a little selfishly—but I am proud. I've seen a dream of mine come true," she said. "Do you understand what I mean?"

"Sort of," said the boy.

"And now," his mother went on, "more important, I want you to have your own dreams . . . What are they, Davie?" She took his hand. "Your dreams?"

The boy thought for a while. Then he told them to her, gradually. He would like most of all, he said, to go to a school, a real school. He didn't like those one-room classrooms at the studios, he said, where most of the time he was the only student in the place—just him and a teacher. And then after school, real school, he said, he would like to go to college and study something interesting, like engineering, aviation engineering or chemical engineering, something like that. He knew, he said, that college was expensive, that things were tough and he couldn't expect his parents to pay his way. But, he said, he liked sports and maybe if he worked hard enough at them he could get an athletic scholarship to some good college, and with a scholarship, he said, well, then everything would be all wrapped up and taken care of.

When he was through, he asked his mother, "Is that an all right thing for me to want?"

"Yes," she said.

"And you mean it," he asked, "—about me being an actor? I don't *have* to be one?"

"No," she said. "You don't have to be anything you don't want to be."

She bent to kiss him.

"Goodnight, Davie," she said. "It's getting late. It's time for you to be getting some sleep."

And he noticed, as she said that, that her smile was gone and that there were tears in her eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

She didn't answer at first.

"Mama?" he asked. "Mama? . . . Is something the matter?"

"I ONLY DID WHAT I DID," she said then, "because I, too, had a dream once. I'd been determined to make something of myself. When that failed, I wanted to make something of you . . . Now, I'm only sorry if I've hurt you in any way. I'm sorry, Davie."

He sat up, and he put his arms around his mother.

"Don't be sorry, Mama," he said.

"Please, don't be. . . ."

David entered Fairfax High in Hollywood the following week. He became,

shortly, one of the best athletes the school has ever known. By the time he was in his senior year he had copped most of the athletic prizes being handed out, as well as scholarships to two of the best colleges in the state.

And then, less than a month before graduation, it happened—

David was in a track meet, the last one of the year. He'd just won the most impressive event of them all, the pole-vault jump. The coach had given him his medal and he was walking back towards the locker room when a newspaper photographer came rushing up to him.

"That was a sweet jump, kid," the photographer said. "How about doing it once more so I can get a picture for my paper?"

"Sure thing," David said.

He turned and went back to the starting line. He looked over at the photographer, who had his camera in position. "Give him a good picture now," he said to himself. He took a deep breath, and he began to run. He ran swiftly, beautifully, surely. His eyes were on the jump point straight ahead and he didn't see the soda bottle somebody had dropped to the ground a few minutes earlier. The pain that came to his right knee was so intense when he hit it after tripping over the bottle that he passed out. The knee was busted; the damage was to be permanent. It was as if he knew it then, that moment, even in his blacked-out state.

"My scholarship . . ." those who stood around him remember him moaning. "My scholarship."

A few days later, he limped into his coach's office.

"Coach," he said, "I've been a little worried. Do you think the colleges will take me now, with my knee like this?"

"I've been worried, too, David," the coach admitted. "I've phoned both the schools. They both say that they'll let us know the score within the week."

But they never did.

It was then when David decided to start all over again and work at the only thing he knew—acting. He had no money. He had no preparation for anything else. He found himself, strangely, wanting to be an actor now. A good one. So he went back to all the old studios where he'd worked. Strangely, though, nobody seemed too overjoyed to see him.

Universal-International did put him on their payroll finally, however.

And the long grind began.

FOR SEVEN YEARS, minus two in the army, David toiled and struggled—"and nobody gave a damn." Other guys came to this town of Hollywood, he knew. Some made it big. Some didn't make it at all. But him, he just kept rolling along. He played bit parts in a couple of dozen pictures while he was at U-I. Mostly they were three and four-day deals, the kind where the director's only concern is getting you into the picture, then getting you out.

Anyway, it was steady employment, at least. Up until 1956, that is, when the blight hit Hollywood and David got canned. He'd started at one hundred dollars a week and ended at three hundred, and this had been enough to keep him in debt. How does it happen—debt—to a guy earning a few c-notes a week? In Hollywood, what with agents' fees, new cars, new clothes, entertaining, bachelor boozing—it happens. "Man," David says, "it happened to *me*."

So, came 1956 and he got the ax from U-I and, he figured, it was time for him to do or die in this business.

And, for a time, it looked like lilies would be in order.

First, there was the matter of a picture called *Lafayette Escadrille*. David's part was that of Tab Hunter's commanding officer. Played well, the part could easily have overshadowed Tab's. Unfortunately for David, he played it so well that after a few days of rushes word came down from the Warner Brothers' offices: *Cut the Janssen part. Build up Hunter's. Hunter is studio property!* Bill Wellman, director of the picture, tried to fight the edict. But it was no go. Only David went.

The next incident came when Wellman was approached by David Selznick to direct his upcoming *A Farewell To Arms*. Fine, Wellman said—but on one condition: He didn't want Rock Hudson for the lead, he wanted David Janssen. "David *w-h-o?*" Selznick asked. The deal was quickly called off.

Finally, however, in the spring of '57, things changed for David and he got his first real break—the lead in the *Richard Diamond* show. The show began as a summer replacement. But it became obvious, after the first few weeks of ratings, that it would, in quick time, become one of the top weeklies of them all.

As success stories go, it would seem right here that David Janssen was riding on Cloud Nine now, these first few months of his success.

But, to tell the truth, he wasn't.

He was making good money now, really good money; but he'd borrowed so much all along the way, that he was still in debt.

And, though he had some stature now, some reason for happiness, he discovered suddenly that aside from his mother and his sisters, Terry and Jill, there was nobody else with whom he could share it.

He had no friends.

OUTWARDLY, HE LIVED IT UP all right. He drank with the best of them. He laughed with the funniest of them. He dated the most luscious of them.

But, basically, he had no friends.

Incidents in his childhood had made him steer away from relationships. "A cynicism of mine," he says, "—inbred maybe; I don't know—caused me to approach someone else's attempt at friendship from a negative point of view." He found himself always inclined to think: "There's a reason behind it. There's a catch. What does *he* want?"

This is a Hollywood disease, easy to catch.

And you fight it, or you don't.

And David didn't.

And so, there he was at twenty-seven, with things going pretty well for him. And, there he was, with his problems, a lost and lonely kind of guy.

The three people really close to David—his mother and his sisters—would tell him that what he needed to solve these problems was, in simple English, a wife.

"Nuts," David would say. "I've got enough to worry about."

"I need something," he'd say. "But I don't need that!"

In interviews—and a whole rash of them started after the *Diamond* success—he would be asked the traditional question: "When you do get married, what are the qualities you would like your wife to have?" And David would answer, straight-faced, "First, she has to be willing to dye her hair every day, to disguise herself from creditors. . . ." And the reporter would stop writing, and laugh. And David Janssen would have gotten out of that one.

And, yet, he knew deep in his heart that something *was* missing in his life.

Not a wife, of course.

. . . Or so he thought!

He met Ellie on Hallowe'en night, at a party, in 1957.

He almost never did make that party.

He'd worked hard that week, that day. He'd been invited to the party by some girl a few days earlier. But now, this night, pooped, he'd forgotten completely



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about the invitation and had gone to bed instead.

Shortly before ten o'clock, the girl phoned him, woke him. She was sorry, she said. She couldn't make the party.

"Well," David yawned, "that's the way it goes."

But, said the girl, she had a girlfriend who was just dying to go. Would he take *her?*

David said no, he'd rather not.

The girl persisted. "Please," she said. "I promised you'd take her. She'll be furious with me if you don't. . . . And besides, Davie, she knows everybody there. And once you bring her it isn't that you'll have to stay with her all the time. . . ."

The girl went on and on.

Till finally David realized that sleep—the thing he wanted most that night—was out.

And so he said, "All right, all right."

And, groggily, he started to get out of bed. . . .

Sure enough, when they got to the party, his "date" disappeared. And David walked straight to the bar and ordered a drink.

HE WAS ON HIS SECOND DRINK, or his third, when "like they say in the song lyrics, I saw her standing there, across the crowded room."

She was tall and brown-haired and lovely-looking.

She stood alone.

She noticed David looking over at her at one point.

She smiled, and looked away.

David waited for her to look back.

She didn't.

He found himself staring at her, waiting.

He became fidgety. ("All of a sudden," he says, "I was clobbered by this shy, if you want to call it that, feeling. I felt she had to look back at me again to show she was interested.")

When she made it obvious that she *wasn't* going to look back ("I'd seen him sitting there looking at me," Ellie says. "I'd liked what I'd seen. But I didn't know what to *do.*"), David put down his drink, walked over to her and asked her if she'd care to dance.

She waited, those first few minutes while they danced, for him to say something.

"Well," Ellie said, "—in case you're interested. . . . My name is Ellie. I'm from New York. I worked as a model once, then as a buyer for a department store. I came to California a few weeks ago, liked it, gave up my job—and—" she shrugged "—that's the story of my life."

She waited *then* for David to say something.

He didn't.

Ellie began to wonder: Was this one of those silent attractions? Or was the Hollywood actor just plain bored?

They continued dancing. David continued to say nothing.

They went for a drive after the party, (David's date, to no one's surprise, had gone off with someone else). He said nothing.

They parked by the water. David turned on the car radio.

They stopped for a hamburger and a cup of coffee. David was silent.

"Don't you like to talk?" Ellie asked, finally.

"Not much," David said.

"I see," said Ellie. She smiled. "Well, strange as it may sound, I just want you to know that I'm having a very nice time anyway. . . . Really!"

David looked at her.

There was something about this girl that made him more and more fidgety. ("She was so damn nice and normal, just to look at," he says, "that I figured if we started saying anything to each other, the whole thing might be spoiled.")

"What do you want to hear, anyway," he found himself asking, then, "—the story of *my* life?"

"Sure," Ellie said.

"Are you interested," David asked, half-smiling, "or are you just being polite?"

"Of course I'm interested, you dope," Ellie said. "If I weren't, if I'd just wanted to be polite, I'd have been back at my hotel room a couple of hours ago."

David continued looking at her.

Then he nodded.

"Well—" he said.

And he told her his story.

HE STARTED AT THE BEGINNING. And by the time he'd come to the end—a few hours later, "It was way past dawn," he remembers—he had talked to Ellie the way he'd never talked to anyone else before. He talked about his ups, his downs. His misses, his hits. He had even begun to have inroads in discussing his problems with someone for the first time in his life—the small problems, the medium ones, the big ones.

And when he was through discussing these things, talking, he knew only two things: (one) that it was dawn and he had to get this girl back to her hotel; (two) that he wanted to, had to, see her again that night.

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"I learned something about David that morning," Ellie has said. "He didn't ask me, 'Is it all right if I see you tonight?' He said, 'I'll *see* you tonight!'—like whatever shyness he'd felt at the beginning, poof, was gone.

"It was the same," she says, "when we got married. We'd been going together for almost a year now. And all of a sudden one afternoon he comes over to see me and talks about marrying me. But he doesn't get on his knee and say, 'Will you etcetera etcetera, my darling?' No. He says, 'Either you marry me tonight or we're never going to see one another again.'

"Very direct, my husband.

"Very, very direct."

Very directly, the other day—some two years and a few months after their wedding—we asked David to tell us something about his marriage. We were sitting in the Janssen living room. Ellie was in the den, next door, working on some project. (She sews a lot, paints and is an expert furniture repair-lady.)

"Well," said David, "it's a good marriage. A great marriage. And it's all Ellie's doing. She's got a sense of humor, which I like. She's understanding, which I like. She makes most of her own clothes, which doesn't hurt when a couple is trying to save money and get out of debt—which we have, finally. And she's a good cook. Makes the best veal scallopine in town. She learned from the chef at La Scala and— Say, she's making some tonight! You want to stay for dinner?"

Sounded fine, we said. But for now, to get back to the story—

"Has she changed you in any way these past couple of years?" we asked.

"She has," David said. "It's hard to say how. Ellie doesn't do things obviously, if you know what I mean. But take the matter of friends. I never had any before, really. And I have them now. Not many. But a few. And good ones. The Jackie Coopers. The Steve Allens. A few others. How is Ellie responsible? I don't know. People like her. They're drawn to her. Unavoidably, maybe, they're drawn to me, too, and me to them. I relax more around people now. I don't question their every move. When I do Ellie ribs the heck out of me, and that takes care of that."

He stopped, and he thought for a moment.

"And another thing," he said then, "—she's got me, or is getting me, out of my brooding habit. When things went wrong, professionally I mean, like with the *Escadrille* and *Farewell To Arms* things, I'd really feel lousy. I'd brood. Like I did a little while back, when I lost *Butterfield 8.* It looked all set. It was a big deal to play opposite Elizabeth Taylor; it was a good role, the piano player's. Pandro Berman, the producer, said he wanted me. You can't ask for better than that. And then word got out that Liz wanted Eddie Fisher for the role. I guess Liz hadn't heard that I'd been set for the part; one way or another, it doesn't matter anymore. Anyway, the opinion got to be that the picture wouldn't be made without Eddie. And so I was out.

"WELL, I BROODED ABOUT THIS, naturally. At least, I started to. But then Ellie had a talk with me. It was a very short talk, very simple. She said that lots of things happen for the best, que sera sera, and—knock wood—something better would come along for me.

"And, sure enough, a little while later, I landed this role in *Eternity* (*Hell To Eternity*), which I wouldn't have been able to take if I were working on the Taylor picture. And—knock wood—if it turns out to be as good a picture as everybody who should know says it will be, well, then with this and *Diamond* I may really be on my way."

We asked David to tell us a little more about Ellie, her qualities, the things about her he was most nuts about, the things about her that made her a woman among women.

"Well—" he started.

He paused.

He scratched his head and said, "You know, questions like this take time to answer."

So he took time.

A lot of time.

Until, suddenly, from the other end of the room we heard a click. It was Ellie, opening the door that led from the den.

She poked out her head.

"David," she said, "—is it that you can't think of *anything* else nice to say about me. . . . Hmmmmm?"

Then she winked at us and closed the door again.

"My wife?" David called out.

"Why," he said, *"why, Ellie Janssen is the most sen-sa-tion-al gal who ever lived. Yessir. And I love her madly.*

"Madly!"

"I hope I said that loud enough," he whispered to us then, laughing.

"I mean, if we still want to see that scallopine tonight. . . ." **END**

David stars in Allied Artists' DONDI *and* RING OF FIRE *for MGM.*

Liz' Journey Through Terror

(Continued from page 39)

closed his eyes, just blissfully relaxing.

And Liz turned her head and looked over at Bee Smith, the nurse, who never for a moment had her eyes off the children.

Bee, Liz thought to herself, *Bee, it's going to be so sad losing you. . . .* She still couldn't believe it, that the woman *was* going to leave them. She'd always figured that she would be with them forever. She'd come, Liz remembered, just before Michael was born. She'd taken care of Michael, then Chris, then Liza; taken care of them all, and loved them all, as if they'd been her own grandchildren. She was in her mid-sixties when she'd come, Liz remembered. And she was in her seventies now. And she'd made it clear, just before this trip, that she was getting old now and that it was time for her to go live with her own family for these years she had left, and rest. She'd tried to leave them just before the trip. But Liz had asked her, as a special favor, to stay with them, to come with them, for just a while. She and Eddie, Liz had said, would give her a bonus (they'd have given it to her anyway; they *all* knew that!) and would send her home from London by jet plane, just as soon as she'd helped them select another nurse, an English woman. Bee Smith had said no at first. But she'd changed her mind at the last minute. And now here she was, on her way to Italy first, then to England, to spend just a little while more with her beloved "grandchildren."

"It's the only thing," Liz said, suddenly, softly, still looking over at the woman, "—the only thing that puts a crimp into this trip."

"What is?" Bee Smith asked.

"You having to leave us," said Liz.

"Well," said Bee Smith, "don't you go thinking about *that* now and spoiling a good time for yourself. This boat trip's supposed to be a holiday for you. And so's Italy. And I don't want you worrying about anything till you get to England and have to start worrying about learning all those lines for your picture."

She grinned.

"Right, Mr. Fisher?" she asked.

"Right," said Eddie, his eyes still closed.

And Liz smiled a little now, too, and she reached over and took Bee Smith's hand in hers, and she squeezed and held it for a long moment. . . .

IT COULD HAVE BEEN at that same moment when the person in London sat down to write the letter.

It arrived on Monday, August 8th, at the sprawling mansion just outside London, which Liz and Eddie had rented for their six months' stay. Like all other mail that arrived for the Fishers, it was sent into London proper and to the Twentieth Century-Fox offices there. There, routinely, a girl in Publicity opened it in order to see whether it should be filed or, if important enough, sent on to Liz and Eddie in Italy.

As it turned out, the girl did neither. She brought it instead to Scotland Yard.

Within a few minutes' time, four top detectives were poring over the letter, reading its strange message over and over again:

"Watch out for your children.

"They are beautiful, but they must be mine.

"What are they worth to you?

"Ten thousand Pounds? Twelve thousand?

"You'll hear from me again.

"Pray I don't do nothing drastic.

"Pray for me.

"I am a sinner!"

When they were through going over the letter, the detectives agreed that it was the work of a first-class crackpot, nothing more.

Still, they figured, they'd look into it.

And they should notify the Fishers.

And so one of them picked up a phone and asked to be connected with the S.S. Leonardo DaVinci, at sea. . . .

Eddie, who had received the call, was undecided about whether to tell Liz about the letter or not. They had received so many letters since that day they'd known they were in love, and had started going together—abusive letters, obscene letters, insulting letters. They had tried, as best they could, to ignore them. This, he knew, should be ignored too. But still. . . .

HE TOLD HER ABOUT IT, FINALLY. They were walking up on the Boat Deck, alone, late that night.

Liz listened.

"Did Scotland Yard say they'd check into it?" she asked, when Eddie was through.

"Of course," he said.

"Then what are we worried about?" Liz said. . . .

Even in Italy, at first, Liz did not realize the impact the news of that letter had had on her. There are things we hear in life, frightening sometimes, though not immediately so, that get embedded in the brain and sleep there. It takes something small, something sudden, to awaken them. This is the way it was with Liz and the letter. . . .

It was a Sunday, their first in Rome.

They were leaving the Olympic Games—Liz, Eddie, Bee Smith and the children. They'd had a ball that day, the boys especially, and they were still all talking and laughing away as they walked from the sports palace and neared their car.

"Anybody hungry?" Eddie asked at one point, as they walked. "Anybody here ready for some more of that good Roman spaghetti?"

But before anyone could answer, a pack of photographers had spotted them and swarmed around them.

The photographers began snapping away.

"Really," Liz said, after a few minutes, "we've got to go now. The children are famished. . . ."

"Just a few more . . . *Un'altro* . . . One more round," came the photographers' usual cry.

Liz smiled.

"Just one more round," she said.

IT WAS DURING THIS ROUND when the roly-poly Italian, who'd joined the gathering crowd a few minutes earlier, who'd been at the Games and who'd maybe drunk a little too much vino while watching the Games, decided to get into the act.

"*Ueeeeeeii*," he called out, "—me, too, I wanna get into the peetch'a."

He rushed forward and stood alongside Michael. He grinned and brought his hands up to his ears. "I make like the monkey, eh?" he said.

The little boy laughed.

The rest of the crowd roared.

"*Ragazzo*, boy, you look like a nice kid," the man said to Michael then. "What you think, huh, if I take you and I buy you an ice-cream, over there? Maybe the



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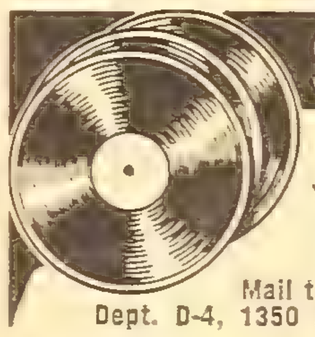
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nice men with the camera even take the peetch'a of me buying you the ice-a-cream."

He started to take the boy's hand.

Liz saw him.

"You," she called out. "Don't you touch him. Get your hands off that child."

The crowd became silent, suddenly.

"I was going to ask the permission, *Signora—*" the man started to say.

"You get your hands *off* him," Liz cried. "*Off* him!"

The roly-poly Italian let go of Michael's hand and lowered his eyes.

"I sorry . . . *mi dispiace*," he said, as he began to walk away. . . .

"Why'd you do that?" Eddie asked, after they'd gotten into their car and had begun to drive away. "The guy was having some fun. He didn't mean any harm."

"I don't know," Liz said. She breathed in deeply. "I just don't want anybody touching my children, maybe . . . Is there anything wrong with that?"

THEN, TWO THINGS HAPPENED the day they arrived in England and the mansion near London that helped put Liz' nerves on end.

One was a story, in the newspapers, out of Australia. It concerned a twelve-year-old boy whose father, a poor man, had recently won a quarter-of-a-million dollars in a lottery there. The son had been kidnaped. They'd found him murdered, his body dumped in some woodlands.

The other, and more important and distressing to Liz at the moment, was a letter, addressed by the same person who had written the first letter. It differed from the first only in that it asked: "Are the children worth *100,000* pounds to you?" Like the first, it ended with the words: "*I am a sinner!*"

"I'm sorry," Liz said to the Scotland Yard man who'd come to see them a little while after they'd reported the letter, "—I could tell by your tone of voice, on the phone, when I called, that you don't think this is at all serious. But," she said, "to me it *is* serious."

"Mrs. Fisher," said the detective, "believe me. There's nothing to this at all. Some demented, some tortured person somewhere is having him or herself a time, that's all."

"Have you found this demented and tortured person?" Liz asked.

"No."

"Have you been trying?"

"Yes. Naturally."

"Then," Liz said, "it can't be *nothing;* not if you're trying."

"Mrs. Fisher," the detective said again, "first, understand this. We never let these things go completely, even if we're not terribly concerned. It's a policy of the Yard. We follow all these matters through . . . And second," he said, "understand this. Many such letters are received by prominent people in England every year. It's part of the irony of being a celebrity, I guess you might say.

"Now, Mrs. Fisher, if it will make you feel any better, let me assure you of this. We have a man stationed at the gate here. And we have a man on the grounds here, twenty-four hours a day. When the boys are in school, we will have a man along with them. They won't see him, they won't know he is there. But he *will* be there. . . .

"I'M SORRY about this whole thing, you know," the detective said. "It's not a jolly pleasant way for us to have to receive guests in our country, now is it?"

Then he shook hands with Eddie, who had been standing by all this while, he looked over once more at Liz, and he left. . . .

That night, some two hundred people milled around the gate of the mansion, waiting to see Elizabeth Taylor, the beautiful movie star, and her husband, Eddie Fisher, leave for a special party that was being held someplace nearby in honor of their arrival.

The crowd ooooooohed when they saw Liz at the door, as she headed for the gate and the car.

Then, just before she got into the car, the cry went up for autographs.

"Please, Miss Taylor," one young girl said. "I go to see all your flicks. Would you just sign your name to this book?"

"Of course," Liz said.

Liz signed about a dozen, quickly. There were at least a couple of dozen more to go, she knew. She looked up from the last book she'd signed. Suddenly she began to feel a little dizzy. The crowd, it seemed, was pushing closer and closer. They were getting out of hand; they were excited, and pushing. "Eddie . . ." Liz mumbled. He didn't seem to hear her. He was busy, a few yards away, signing some autographs of his own. "Eddie . . ." She closed her eyes for a moment. And then she opened them. And she looked again at the faces around her.

The dizziness was getting worse; the awful feeling in her head, through her body, more intense.

Suddenly—she didn't know why exactly—but suddenly she wanted to cry out to this mob.

"Who are you people?" she wanted to cry.

"And what do you want from me, from me?"

She looked into the face of one woman who stood not more than three feet from her. The woman was big-boned and strong-looking and smiling. Liz looked at the pencil she was waving, at the sheet of paper she held.

"Is it you?" Liz wanted to ask, suddenly. "Are you the one?"

Then she looked into another face, and another.

"Is it *you?*" she wanted to cry.

"Are *you* the one who wants to hurt my babies?"

She handed back a book she was holding.

She reached for Eddie's hand.

Her face had turned ashen pale.

"Liz," Eddie asked, "what's wrong?"

"Let's get back inside, away," she said. "I don't want to go to any party."

"Liz—" Eddie started to say.

He followed her inside. . . .

There, she shut the door, and she clung to his hand.

"Eddie," she said, "I want us to go upstairs and pack. Right now . . . I don't want to live here. I want to go to London, tonight, and move into a hotel . . . It's safe there. Do you understand what I'm talking about, Eddie? . . . It's safer!"

LIZ SEEMED BETTER, more calm, that weekend.

They'd moved from the big place and they were in London now. They spent the Saturday sleeping late, then visiting Hampton Court, showing the children the palace where Henry the Eighth had slept, and banqueted. And, on Sunday, they walked through Hyde Park for a while, in the morning, listening to some of the fancy and long-winded speeches there, and then they took a ride up to Windsor, for a long and relaxing picnic lunch, and then they came back to London and Regent Park, to see the animals, feed them, and to laugh as Eddie made faces at the lion and as the lion, sleepily, growled back at him. . .

On Monday, however, Liz' fears returned.

It was a strange day for her.

She began her picture that morning. The morning had gone fine.

But then, that afternoon, things seemed to be different. She seemed anxious to work, but unable to concentrate.

Since actual shooting on *Cleopatra* would not begin till Wednesday and today was only a rehearsal, Liz' director was not too concerned. Even the best of the pros got jittery sometimes at the beginning of a picture, he knew.

At one point, when she had flubbed the same line a few times, the director suggested to Liz that she go to her dressing room and have a spot of tea and unwind a little, for a while.

Liz nodded, and went to the dressing room.

When, a little while later, a girl came in with her tea tray, Liz hardly looked up.

"Here's scones and muffins and lots of jam and butter," the girl said. "Will there be anything else?"

"No . . . thank you," Liz said.

Liz sat for a moment, then lifted her tea.

And as she did she thought of the kidnaped Australian boy, of the letters, of other things she'd heard about kidnapings.

Suddenly, the cup slipped from her hand.

It went crashing to the floor.

Liz didn't look down.

She stared ahead, straight ahead.

"Oh, my God," she began to moan, after a while.

"Oh, my God. My God. . . ."

She looked out the window of their bedroom that night, looking at the heavy fog, as she waited for Eddie. He'd been recording all that day. Obviously, he'd been held up. She turned, once, to glance at a clock. It was nearly nine. She reached for a cigarette that lay on the night-table, next to their bed. She lit it. And then she went back to looking at the fog.

She didn't turn, at first, when she heard Eddie come in.

"Can we take the children with us, to Egypt, next week?" she asked, still looking at the fog.

"We can take Liza, sure," Eddie said.

"But not the boys?" Liz asked.

"No, I don't think so," he said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because it wouldn't be right, I don't think," he said, "dragging them out of school like that."

"THEN I'M NOT GOING TO EGYPT," she said.

"*You're* not," he said, shocked.

"I didn't want to go in the first place," Liz said. "I didn't feel bad, not the least bit bad, when they made it clear that they didn't want a Jew invading their country, they said; not even a Hollywood Jew, they said. Well good, I said, I didn't want to go anyway . . . You remember, Eddie?"

Eddie loosened his tie.

"Do you know, Liz," he asked, "what they went through to get permission for you to get into that country. Strings were pulled. Big strings . . .

"Do you know," Eddie asked, "how this is going to stifle their plans? Two weeks of location, all set up? A couple of million bucks riding on those two weeks alone? A couple of hundred people with jobs riding on this?

"Liz," Eddie said. He sat beside her on the bed. "Is it because of the children . . . those letters? Is that why you don't want to leave all of a sudden?"

She said nothing at first.

"Liz?" he asked.

Her voice was soft when she spoke again, soft and tired-sounding. "Of course it is, Eddie," she said. "I'm so afraid. I know everybody else is taking it as if it were nothing. But Eddie, *I'm* so afraid for them."

"You shouldn't be," Eddie said. "They've got the best protection. You know that.

They've got Scotland Yard, watching them every minute. They've got Bee—she's agreed to stay longer than she'd planned, hasn't she? She's even stopped looking around for another girl for the time being, hasn't she? Just so you'll feel better . . . Why, the children, they've got—"

"I don't care what you say they've got, Eddie," Liz said, cutting in, her voice still soft. "We're not going. And I want," she said, "I want for us to tell the children that we're not, first thing at breakfast. If they've had any worries of their own about this, if they know anything about this, I want *their* minds put at rest, too . . . Michael, especially—he's old enough to hear things, to know what's going on—"

"And what are we supposed to tell him, in case he does know?" Eddie asked. "That his Mama and Eddie are afraid?"

"Yes," Liz said, "if that's the right word."

"But it's a terrible word," Eddie said.

"I don't care what kind of word it is," Liz said. "We're going to tell them."

Eddie shook his head.

"Honey," he started to say, "listen, I know how you feel—"

Liz jumped up from the bed suddenly. Suddenly her voice rose. "Don't say that," she said, "—not that. How *could* you know how I feel? I'm their mother. I have my own set of feelings for them. I'm their mother.

"And *you*—" she started to say.

She brought her hand up to her mouth and she bit it.

"And me," Eddie said, loudly now, too, "I'm their father . . . I *am* their father, Liz. They may not be of my flesh, or of my blood. But they happen to be the children I'm with every day. They happen to be my wife's children. I happen to love them . . . And I'm concerned about them, too, as much as anybody else on this earth. Anybody!"

He paused.

AND THEN, HIS VOICE SOFT once more, he said, "Look . . . Liz. When I was a boy— I haven't thought of this for years, but it comes back to me now—when I was a boy, there was this kid in our neighborhood. He was a normal enough kid, when he started out in life, I guess. But he had two very abnormal parents. They were afraid for him, afraid that he'd ever, once in his life, get hurt. And so, if he was out playing with us, a gang of boys, and a fight started, the way it often did, his mother would come streaking out of their house and grab her boy away from us. 'Stay away from that lousy mob,' she used to say, 'or you'll get *hurt!*' . . . And in school, if this kid himself did something out of line and the teacher said something nasty to him, his father would come up and holler at the teacher and ask her how she dared to criticize their son . . . For their son must *not* be hurt!

"I remember," Eddie went on, "we went to the same junior high school together, the same high school. And I remember how just after Korea the two of us were called into the Army, the same day. I'd talked to him the night before. We'd meet, we decided, on a certain corner that next morning and report in together.

"Well," Eddie said, "that next morning, I got there, to the corner. I waited. I waited half-an-hour more than I should have, and this kid, he didn't show. I couldn't figure why. I didn't learn why, in fact, till about a week after I went away. That's when I got this letter from my mother. She told me it was terrible about this kid. A few minutes before he was supposed to leave the house to meet me, she said, he began to bawl and weep and scream and kick. He was afraid to go into the Army. Every guy on earth, when the time comes, is a little afraid. But this kid, he was *this* afraid. He carried on so bad that morning that his own parents couldn't quiet him down, and they had to come from the hospital eventually and take him.

"He stayed in that hospital a few years, Liz. Now he's out. He's my age, exactly, and he sits home all day now with his mother and his father. He's a young man. He's a broken vegetable, really. He doesn't work. He doesn't go out. He just sits home.

"He's ruined, Liz—"

"It's a different thing you're talking about," she said.

"But it *isn't*," Eddie said. "It's the story of a boy and his parents and fear. It's the story of a legacy. He was taught this fear, this kid I knew . . . They gave him a lesson. And he learned it well. . . ."

Liz began to walk towards a closet, on the other side of the room.

"Where are you going?" Eddie asked.

"To take a walk," Liz said, reaching for a coat, putting it on. "To get lost, maybe, in the fog."

"Why are you going?" Eddie asked.

"Because I don't want any more talk," Liz said.

"YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND about this whole thing?" Eddie asked.

"Yes," Liz said, picking up her handbag.

"And you want me to have a talk with the children tomorrow—with Michael and Christopher?"

"Yes."

"And you want me to give them *their* first lesson in fear?"

"Yes," Liz said. She shouted it now. The tears came to her eyes and she shouted it.

Sobbing, she ran from the room.

She ran down the hallway.

"Mrs. Fisher," a voice called out. It was Bee Smith, the nurse, looking out of the door of her room. "Elizabeth!"

Liz ran past her, ignoring her, ignoring everything.

When, finally, she got to the door, she put her hand on the knob, and she started to turn it.

"Fear"—the word came to her mind, suddenly.

"Is that what we want for them?

"A legacy of fear?"

After a while—a long, a very long, while —Liz turned, and she began to walk back up the hallway, back towards the bedroom.

"Eddie," she whispered, when she got to the door.

He was sitting on a chair, his hands clasped tightly together.

He rose from the chair and he waited as she came to him.

"Eddie," she said . . . "Eddie" . . . as she fell into his arms, as she began to cry again, as he began to kiss her hair, and to soothe her. . . .

BACK IN HER LITTLE ROOM, meanwhile, Bee Smith smiled. She'd seen Liz walk back to her husband from that door. And this made her happy.

She guessed, from what she'd seen and heard just now, that it would be all right for her to start interviewing girls for her job again.

But tomorrow—she thought—tomorrow was probably going to be *such* a lovely day. And, she wondered, if maybe instead, it wouldn't be more pleasant to go walking with her "grandchildren", and take them to see that enormous building downtown with the big clock on it, and that pretty river called the Thames.

Well, she thought, as she sat back in her chair, she'd see about all that in the morning.

The fog was lifting now.

Everything was going to be lovely again. . . . **END**

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Conversation With A Goddess

(*Continued from page 45*)

column." *Hmmmmmm,* I thought—*a nice thoughtful and pretty smart little girl!*

But when I actually met Sandra, not too long after, at the home of producer Ross Hunter (who has since guided the little Dee to her biggest hits and has become her closest friend and mentor) I was surprised at how very unspoiled and refreshingly youthful she was, not at all the cagey prodigy.

AMBITIOUS, YES! The driving urge to become tops in her chosen profession marked this child even before her young mother, Mary Douvan, permitted her to wear the slightest trace of lipstick or to stay up past ten o'clock.

But with all her "dedicated" interest in her work, Sandra at fifteen, was the widest-eyed movie fan I ever saw. You'd never suspect that she spent her days in intimate contact with big movie stars on the studio lots. Her particular "crush" was Cary Grant. She referred to "Miss" Turner (Lana) as "gorgeous" and to Jean Simmons as a "great artiste."

At this time she had an autograph book which she produced at the drop of a celebrity. She saved programs from premieres. And she wrote fan letters—most of them to Cary Grant. She was required by law to attend school on the studio lots and just like other girls, she mentioned "cramming" for her exams.

And so those brief years of typical Hollywood childhood passed quickly by. Now and then I would see Sandra at Ross Hunter's poolside or some other social affair attended by the younger set. It was noted she was "dating" Mark Damon, John Saxon, Edd Byrnes, Mark Goddard and sundry other young eligibles, but these items always sounded like ice cream soda sippings to me. Occasionally I felt her dates were studio inspired. Most of her escorts were in Universal-International, her home studio, films.

The change from childhood to girlhood came gradually. Already Sandra had scored dramatically as Lana Turner's daughter and love rival in *Imitation of Life* and in *Portrait In Black.* Her little girl figure had rounded into curves encased in beautiful clothes designed by Jean Louis who also did Lana's gowns.

Lipstick appeared on her soft curving mouth and flat shoes were replaced by high pointed heels on her smartly shod feet. No longer was the autograph book brought out.

In place of the movie *child*—suddenly there was the movie *star.*

But I had not realized how sweeping was the change until Sandra planed back from Italy, where she had been starring in *Romanoff and Juliet,* for a brief week of rest and conferences in Hollywood before returning to Europe for *Come September.*

At my invitation for this story she came to see me—and the girl who walked into the "playroom" where I have interviewed so many of the glamour girls of the screen took her official place in my book as one of them!

SANDRA LOOKED SLEEK and beautiful in a blue silk gown with matching blue shoes—her only jewelry was one ring. She said her luggage had been lost in transit and she had neither jewelry nor clothes! (A week later it was all located—so no harm done.)

But even this temporary misfortune didn't glim Sandra's glow. She was like a little magpie chatting about Italy, Paris, London (this had been her first trip to Europe). She talked "girl talk" of the loose Paris fashions which she did *not* like.

She talked of the sleeker hairdos, of the places she had been and the sights she had seen. With all her bubbling enthusiasm there was a new maturity about her and her figure was that of a model's. Which reminded me of something—

"Sandra, do you remember when I paddled you in print after that terrible experience of having to be rushed to a hospital by ambulance because of your drastic Salts dieting? You aren't doing anything *that foolish* to keep thin now, are you?"

"I promised you I wouldn't, remember? And I have kept my word," she smiled. "I have come to my senses. I eat what I need without starving myself or taking drastic elimination medicine."

"Are you sure?" I pressed on. "Ross Hunter told me you still actually do starve yourself."

She laughed, "That Ross! Unless I eat huge platefuls, Ross thinks I'm not eating anything. I don't require as much food as he believes I should eat." I looked at her slender wasp-like waist. "What's your waist measure now?" I inquired.

"Nineteen inches," she proudly replied.

"Sandra," I put in quickly, "I'm going to level with you and do an interview with some pretty hard-hitting questions—the way I do with the grown up glamour stars. I know you're wise now and mature in your thinking—and there are many things your fans would like to have you answer *straight.*"

As she had listened her beautiful young "doll" face became serious. "For one thing you mean about my real father, John Zuck," she said quietly.

"Yes, exactly," I answered. "About the stories printed that when you appeared in your birthplace, Bayonne, New Jersey, that you refused to see him and did not contact him."

Indignation flashed in her eyes but her voice was soft and level as she said, "I would like to ask those fans and others who have criticized me what each one would have done in my place.

"HOW CAN I LOVE A FATHER I haven't seen since I was five years old? I have never in all those years since my mother and I left Bayonne received as much as a postcard from him. I didn't even know I had a half-brother until one of the magazines printed that I had refused to see my father and brother!"

The words were fairly tumbling from her lips beginning to tremble. "Was there anything that prevented my father from telephoning me? I was appearing for the studio in Bayonne and I was in the newspapers. He knew where I was staying and contrary to all those reports that I wouldn't see him, he never even telephoned or wrote or sent me a telegram.

"You must remember that my wonderful stepfather, Eugene Douvan, whom my mother married years ago, is the only father I have ever known. I wouldn't know John Zuck if I met him on the street!"

She caught her breath, again very much like a little girl. "I have no ill feeling or hatred toward anyone in the world," she said with sincerity. "I have never tried to defend myself against these unjust accusations—that is—until now."

I had a feeling Sandra was going to cry so I quickly said, "Thank you for trusting me, Sandra. I will try to make my readers understand your position as I understand it. I agree with you—your father should have tried to reach you some way during those years when you were growing up."

She had completely regained control of herself. "I don't want to sound like a sob story. I am grateful that my mother, Mary Douvan, made a new and happy life for me while I was still young enough to be impressionable and that as a little girl I grew up under the guidance of a kind and devoted man like Eugene Douvan.

"Thanks to my mother's courage and love—I knew a happy childhood and I shall be everlastingly grateful to her for it. The most wonderful thing I can say about my young and pretty mother is that she is my best friend and closest pal."

This, I knew for a fact. Mary Douvan, who is as dark and pretty as her daughter is fair, is one of the most popular young matrons in Hollywood. Although she has been widowed for the years since Douvan's death, and Sandra is her whole life—Mary is a far cry from the typical stage or movie "mother."

Time after time I have seen Sandra and Mary whispering, talking and even laughing together like a couple of teenagers. Although Mary advises her daughter—she does not keep her bound with cords of silver. In fact, Mary once laughed to me, "My bedroom in our new house looks more like a movie star's than Sandra's—and that's saying *plenty!*"

This new home is described by both Sandra and Mary as, "What every fan thinks a movie star's home should be—white, modern and *expensive!*"

Which brought me to another topic—the way Sandra spends money.

"Your home—your imported sports cars (for herself and Mary), your expensive clothes, that full length white mink coat you bought before leaving for Europe—Sandra, do these things mean that you are spending everything and saving nothing?"—I had warned her my questions would be blunt.

NOW SHE LAUGHED OUTRIGHT. "Even if I were foolish enough to want to spend all my money—and believe me, I'm *not,* I would not be permitted to. Under California laws I'm still a minor and required by the courts to put away 25% of my salary. This is held in trust until I am of age at twenty-one. My mother and I have decided that this is a very good thing for me to continue even after I am twenty-one. We've decided to set aside this same amount of savings whatever my salary becomes.

"By movie standards—actors in the star brackets are now getting anywhere from $250,000 to $1,000,000 for a single picture—my salary at U-I is moderate. I'm not up in the big money bracket. So when the compulsory savings, withholding tax, charity and other deductions are taken out—my take home pay isn't too big."

For a "legal minor," I'd say Sandra talked a very sensible financial line. She was smiling, however, as she went on:

"I'll confess to you that after taxes and living expenses are taken out—I feel every cent I have left is an investment in my career. And I spend it on clothes, furs and everything that will help me seem glamourous and interesting to the movie fans. I'm not apologizing that I do this."

I know that on Sandra's shopping jaunts she has spent as much as $1500 for clothes in one session (a story that shocked some people). But she actually is following the advice of her close friend, the astute and "boy wonder" producer, Ross Hunter.

Not long before talking with Sandra, I had dined with Ross at Romanoff's and he told me:

"I've told Sandra over and over like a Dutch uncle that the public wants movie actresses to be glamourous and exciting. The dullest thing in the world is this current sloppy fad—or even worse, looking and acting like that mythical girl next door! I told Sandra the worst thing she can do is to pose for 'kitchen art'—whipping up cakes she can't cook, pretending to be an expert on household tips. If the fans want household hints—get a recipe book!"

Ross *really* was on a soapbox. "One of the most terrible things that ever happened to screen stars is this fad for being 'average.' People have been kind and called me a successful producer of such movies as *Imitation Of Life, Pillow Talk, Portrait In Black.* I believe that a big part of that success is that my pictures deal with beautiful and exciting women wearing expensive clothes in costly backgrounds."

"Did you have to work hard to sell Sandra on this philosophy, Ross?" I chuckled.

"*No!*" he admitted with a big smile.

I repeated this conversation to Sandra and she admitted she had listened to Ross and believed what he said.

"Even so," she dimpled, "I was scared when I bought that full length white mink—and I had cause to be. Ross was just a bit"—she pinched her little finger and thumb together indicating a *smitch*, —"taken aback. He reminded me, 'It's one thing to be glamourous—but first keep out of the poorhouse!'"

Sandra was completely enjoying herself as she added, "So—before he could lecture any more—I was given a new contract by U-I with more money on a seven year deal—and each year it goes higher. Even Ross had to admit the poorhouse isn't right around the corner for me."

I LOOKED THOUGHTFULLY at this young goddess as she suddenly rose, walked to the window and looked down at the world of average people, the world in which she had decided she would never be able to live—and thought of the sadness, unhappiness and even tragedy that has stalked the paths of the women who have trod it. One has been closely associated with Sandra in movie making—Lana Turner.

"Sandra, are you too young and happy—or have you ever looked around you at the private lives of these exciting actresses you admire so much? Have you wondered if the heartaches and some of the bitter things that have happened to them are worth it? I mean, will you be willing to go through the same fate, if need be, for the same heights?"

Again I was almost bowled over by the insight of this girl who still looks and sometimes acts like a teenage novice.

She answered in that soft voice of hers with its little girl pitch, "Most of the big heartaches that come to girls and women are based in unhappiness in love. Movie actresses, particularly, seem to be unwise or unhappy in love—at least, through their first loves.

"So far—love hasn't happened to me although it has often come to girls even younger than I. I've had crushes, yes—and yens, and things like that. But I've never been seriously in love.

"Who knows what it will bring when it comes? I want to love and to be loved—and any girl who says differently isn't telling the truth."

I didn't want to interrupt her for she seemed eager to talk about this subject which fascinates women of all ages.

"I hope I won't be badly hurt by love," she went on, "but who am I to expect that heartaches will never cross my path? I can tell you this: If real love comes along, something I know in my heart is real and wonderful—I won't test it, or question it or *dodge* it because it might not last forever. I will welcome it for whatever it brings."

Recalling that some love experiences can be pretty bitter and unwonderful, I asked Sandra if she and Lana (an expert in heartache) ever had any talks on the subject during the making of two films together.

"I wouldn't presume to ask questions of Miss Turner," she answered immediately, "because she does *not* wear her heart on her sleeve. I have been working with her when she has gone through some pretty terrible troubles and worries. But, on the set, you'd never guess her unhappiness—except for an unguarded moment or two when I've caught her face when she didn't know anyone was looking.

"What I like so much about her is that she never seems to wallow in self pity. She wears *courage* like a Jean Louis gown!"

I repeated what I had previously asked, if Sandra and Lana had talked about 'the price of love' in the glamour world.

"Not exactly in the way you mean," Sandra replied. "After all—while Miss Turner does not treat me like a little girl and we are very good friends, I am only two years older than her own daughter. She'd hardly speak disillusioningly to either of us, her screen daughter or her real daughter."

"DO YOU KNOW CHERYL CRANE?" I asked.

Sandra said, "I've met her. Cheryl has come on the set when we are working and when she is with her mother, surrounded by the people her mother works with, Cheryl seems happy. You can tell just by watching them together—Lana Turner loves her daughter deeply and she is a devoted and *loving* mother"—Sandra said this as though she defied anyone to challenge her statement.

One more important question remained to be put to my young friend.

"Sandra, you are a child of divorce—of a broken home. Do you think it has had any unhappy effect on your life, any lasting hurt?"

She shook her head emphatically. "No. None at all. I know this isn't what a lot of moralists contend—but I can only speak from my own experience. I believe that real happiness can be built over the lessons we learn from *un*happiness. My mother has told me this and I have seen it with my own eyes—and heart. If we learn wisely from mistakes and unhappiness—we appreciate even more the happiness that comes into our lives." Talk about "out of the mouths of babes"—Sandra was proving with each new thing she had said to me how truly she is "grown-up."

WE HAD ENJOYED a long and to me illuminating talk. It was time for Sandra to leave. There was much for her to do before taking off again for Europe. As for me, my telephone calls had been backing up as they always do when I "close off" for an hour or so.

I gave Sandra a little hug and bade her godspeed. I wished this baby star well and hoped that life and love would be good to her.

Come to think of it—I think I shall file away this interview carefully. It may be very interesting to bring it out in say—five years—and see what the fates have brought to Sandra against these hopes of hers when she was inexperienced—but a willing *glamour* girl! **END**

Sandra stars next in COME SEPTEMBER *and* TAMMY, TELL ME TRUE, *both Universal-International.*

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Louella's Talk With Yves

(Continued from page 26)

No wonder the women in his pictures fall for him, I thought—but enough of that.

It was of Marilyn, at this time lying ill in the Westside Hospital following a collapse that had suspended her movie *The Misfits* in Reno, that I wanted to talk about —Marilyn and Yves.

"You are aware that the gossip is rampant," I said, referring to stories printed in this country and in France that Simone Signoret, last year's Academy Award winner and wife of Montand, had reached the end of her long line of patience. Paris newspapers had flatly carried the headlines: SIGNORET TO DIVORCE MONTAND OVER MONROE. And ever since Marilyn's illness, called "exhaustion," had stopped her current production, the American press was having a field day of the wildest rumors.

"Yes"—he shrugged, smiled, spread his hands in a typically French gesture. "How could I *not* know?"

He hesitated long enough to say that he would enjoy a cup of coffee with me. But he seemed as eager as I to get to the heart of this situation involving four former friends, himself and Simone, Marilyn and Arthur Miller, her playwright husband.

"LET ME TELL YOU THE TRUTH as best I can," Yves went on in his remarkably improved English, almost letter perfect since the last time I had talked with him.

"When I signed on for the co-starring role with Marilyn in *Let's Make Love,* it was with many misgivings. It was to be my first American picture and naturally I hoped it would be successful.

"But on every hand I was warned about how difficult Marilyn was. I was told that she was always late on the set to the point of driving her co-workers crazy. That she was nervous. Jittery. Unsure of herself.

"Believe me, this did not add to my own peace of mind. Here I was a newcomer in a strange company, I spoke little English—let us admit—I barely spoke English at all —I had my own set of jitters to contend with and before we even start the picture I am confronted with such difficulties in my vis-à-vis. Ahhhhhhh," he gave a long sigh.

"I thought to myself, *I'll take my machinegun—I won't put up with such nonsense.*

"So what happens the first day I report to the studio? A nervous little girl shows up—no, it was not our first meeting as we knew one another socially—but this child-actress-woman is someone entirely *new.*

"Great star that she is—she was trembling, ill at ease, and consuming more coffee than I have ever seen go into anyone's system. Always drinking coffee, cups and cups of coffee to steady her nerves.

"I am touched—who wouldn't be? Instead of being angry and impatient my heart goes out to her. With all of her fame—how can she be so unsure of herself, so at the mercy of other people?

"I remember during one of our first conversations I kept reassuring her not to be afraid. 'You can be on time if you want to,' I told Marilyn. 'But if you are late—don't be afraid. And don't keep drinking all that *coffee* to give you confidence.'

"As the picture progressed, I continued to feel *protective* toward Marilyn. In later conversations with my wife, I admitted I became *fond* of her. But is this falling in love?"

It had been a long uninterrupted discourse from my visitor and he looked at me now as if for a bit of understanding on my part.

Unknown to him until this moment, I had brought down from my office an interview printed in a newspaper other than my own quoting him as saying that if Marilyn had been more "sophisticated"—this embarrassing situation would never have happened. I handed it to Yves.

He took it, puzzled, read it. Then he put it down on the table between us.

"I am sorry this is printed this way," he spoke slowly and in one of the few times his ingratiating smile left his face. "It will hurt Marilyn—this printing that she is not sophisticated. I want very much that she should not be hurt."

"Have you tried to visit her since she entered the hospital?" I asked.

"No—I should like to. But what good could come of it? Just more talk, talk, *talk,*" he answered quietly. "I will send her a note."

"IS IT TRUE that she came down from Reno to see you before her illness?" I pressed on. That fact had been printed in still another story.

"Yes," he said, "but we did not meet"—and he did not amplify that statement.

I asked, "Yves—is there any *one* incident you think brought on this eruption of gossip?"

"Perhaps so," he responded. "I think all the talk started when Marilyn came to see me off at the plane, bringing some chilled champagne, when I was returning to France the first time.

"We sat in the car and drank the champagne—and some reporters heard about it. That was all that was needed! It was printed in the French newspapers and naturally—it upset my wife very much."

"Of course, I talked with her—explaining, trusting she would understand. She is a wise and seasoned woman, Simone. I felt if she knew the truth—even the gossip could not hurt her. I love my wife and did not want her to be distressed over a much magnified situation. I *did* not—and *do* not want a divorce!"

I could not restrain a little smile of amusement. Yves took it so for granted that I would understand such a completely Continental-male point of view.

Although he did not say it, his manner implied that one understood that when a man (and this one is *all* male) worked in close proximity with beautiful women, a bit of romance and gallantry might be the outcome.

I remember Marilyn telling me about Yves when I interviewed her several months ago on the set of *Let's Make Love,* a story recently printed in MODERN SCREEN.

She had said, perhaps you remember, "Yves will be the next sensational star of the screen. He is all male"—and she had laughed a little bit.

I wondered how many more of his lovely feminine co-stars had held this same thought? Most of them, I wager, with the exception of Gina Lollobrigida, whom I hear had not fallen in the slightest for Montand during the making of their European picture, *Where the Hot Wind Blows.* I'm not trying to imply that there was a feud—but just nothing romantic beyond the dictates of the script. His role was that of a gangster in Lollo's movie. I didn't mention this point.

Who is this man who, practically overnight in one delightfully charming performance, has achieved stardom on the Hollywood scene and who, with a burst of gossip, has become one of the biggest names in the entertainment field?

He was born in Italy Yves Levi, and has been every kind of a worker from a longshoreman to a song and dance man.

"When I was two years old my parents moved to France—so I really have more of a French than Italian background—and it is not surprising that I am more often referred to as French than Italian."

DURING THE NAZI OCCUPATION, his real name, Levi, was a dangerous one for him. "The Nazis were convinced I was Jewish even after I explained that if I had been changing my name for them I would have changed more than one letter. "It is not Levy—but Levi. It is the same name as the first Italian consul. They let me go—but I could go nowhere without my papers during those terrible times."

His career as an entertainer did not begin to soar until after the war when as Yves Montand he began to completely charm Paris audiences and—I hear—such ladies as Edith Piaf, and became one of the most ingratiating singers since the beloved Maurice Chevalier. He did a one-man act always wearing brown slacks but even in that garb he was a charmer.

Until his marriage to the talented Simone Signoret, his name was linked with first one attractive lady and then the other with whom he worked. To which Yves says, "You cannot be associated with beautiful women in your career, day and night, without feeling something. That has always been true—and still is.

"We were sad when *Let's Make Love* ended although it had been hard work. I have just completed *Sanctuary* at the same studio. I was sorry to say au revoir to Lee Remick"—and he added with amusing promptness—"and all the others on the picture."

Within a few days he would be leaving for Europe to join Simone and get ready to start his next film, *Time On My Hands* (formerly *Aimez-vous Brahms . . .*) with Ingrid Bergman.

It had been widely circulated that Simone would be waiting for her husband in Paris—but just that day I had heard that she had taken off for the Venice Film Festival.

Yves nodded. "Yes, Simone was invited to attend and decided to accept as soon she will be busy on her new picture and she will be tied up with fittings and rehearsals. But, we shall meet in Paris." The last remark was pointedly definite.

He told me he was looking forward to working with Ingrid, "a beautiful actress."

"But a bride—and happily married," I laughed, "so don't fall in love with her."

Yves laughed too. "My time will be crowded to overflowing. There are only twelve days from the time I leave Hollywood to the time I start the picture with Miss Bergman. I shall pack my script and take off to the mountains to study and rest. I am looking forward to the rest—and quiet." This I didn't doubt!

Did he plan to come back for more American pictures—and would he care to make another with Marilyn, the "enchanting child?"

"Of course. I enjoyed working with her very much—there is no one quite like her, kind, simple, without guile for all her world fame. I hope in speaking so frankly to you, I have said nothing that could reflect anything but admiration and fondness on my part for Marilyn," he said with genuine sincerity.

On a less personal basis, Yves is also "optioned" to 20th Century-Fox, an organization he likes very much.

"As you know—and printed many

times," he said lightly, that fascinating smile returning, "there were many, many delays making *Let's Make Love* including another illness of Marilyn's—plus the actors' strike at that time.

"I WAS BESIDE MYSELF because I had signed a contract to appear in Japan and if I did not keep it, the Japanese managers were threatening to sue. Mr. Buddy Adler was then head of the studio and because it was not my fault that I could not fulfill my engagement in Japan, he offered to make my loss good to the Japanese.

"At the time I did not feel I could accept it. But as the picture dragged on, and this very fine man became my friend and was so kind to me, I went to him and said I would give an option on my services in return for taking care of the Japanese cancellation.

"The last business talk that I had with him he said, 'When we have something for you, Yves, that will be fine. But we do not want you to feel bound.' His death is not only my loss—but all of Hollywood's."

To this I said a heartfelt "Amen."

It was a working week day and our talk had extended well past the noon hour, longer than Yves or I had intended. My secretaries were holding important calls for the column upstairs and with his expected departure in twenty-four hours, there was much remaining for Yves to attend to.

I walked to the door with my charming caller to wish him godspeed. "Thank *you* for letting me explain," he said, "I like you and I trust you and I know you are a good friend of Marilyn's. The sooner the situation is clarified—the better for all. I should like very much to say goodbye to her but—" once again that expressive shrug. Then he was gone. **END**

Marilyn stars next in United Artists' THE MISFITS, *and Yves' new films are* TIME ON HER HANDS, *also U.A., and* SANCTUARY, *for 20th-Fox.*

Hayley

(Continued from page 28)

top British star John Mills and Mary Hayley Bell Mills had grown up in a world that was a mixture of the brightest literary and theatrical circles—and the quietness and quaintness of the old English countryside.

Her god-parents were among the most famous figures in the world.

And when "Uncle Larry" (Olivier) would visit the farm, he'd take her piggy-back riding.

And "Uncle Noel" (Coward) would send her pretty toys from all over the world.

But in the morning—way before breakfast, she'd run down to the barn, feed the baby colts, and in watching them with the mares, learn the marvels and mysteries of life.

AND HER HEART WOULD ACHE with the longing to grow up fast, so she too could have babies all her own.

Her sister Juliet, four years her senior, wasn't in that much hurry to grow up.

At sixteen, Juliet was an experienced actress: one who had been on the stage periodically since she was a baby.

And although Hayley had seen her father in movies and on the stage and thought he was "quite wonderful," she couldn't understand her sister's preoccupation with all "that make-believe stuff," or how she could have the patience to be locked up in her room with a script, when she could spend that same time riding over the countryside, or taking care of the vegetable garden, or playing with the animals.

Then—suddenly, the night before, a big change came over her.

A friend of daddy's, director J. Lee-Thompson came to spend the weekend and confer with John about the script of their new movie together, *Tiger Bay.*

They were talking about it at dinner.

"We can roll tomorrow," he said, "if we can get the proper child. But we've tested two dozen and can't find one that's just right.

"We want someone fresh and beguiling—and without precocious mannerisms . . . Someone like . . . well, someone like your little Hayley."

Hayley played with her potatoes and roast beef, and as he kept talking, her eyes grew wider and wider.

Then she went to her room and "thought and thought and thought."

At 6 A.M. she went down to the barn—"and thought some more."

By the time she went in for breakfast—she had made up her mind.

She still wanted to be "a mother" when she grew up, but she also wanted to be an actress.

She asked Daddy about it at breakfast.

"I want to be Gillie, Daddy. I know I can do it. Honest I can. If you'll let me."

"Are you sure, Hayley?" Mills asked. "It's a lot of hard work. And it means giving up your summer vacation and going to bed early every night and learning lots of lines."

"I'm sure, Daddy."

Mills was apprehensive. After breakfast he discussed it with Thompson.

"Do you want to take a chance with a completely inexperienced child?" he asked. "I never even knew Hayley wanted to act—and frankly Lee, I don't know if she *can.*"

"Well, she has the quality and the charm. I'll take the chance—if it's all right with you. After all you're the star of the picture."

After two weeks of shooting, John told his friend: "Well, I *was* the star of this picture. From here on in, I'm just a supporting player."

HE MADE THE SAME CONFESSION to his daughter:

"Hayley, when this picture is released, no one will even know I am in it. I can see the reviews now. They are going to say that you are the greatest child actress in twenty-five years."

"Oh Daddy, do you really think so?"

"I don't think so . . . I *know* so."

The picture ended almost too soon for her.

And then it was time to return to school.

"But Daddy," she said. "I want to act ever so badly. Do you think I will soon again."

"Again, Hayley, but not soon. Not until next summer."

"But next summer is so far away. I should be forgotten by then."

"I promise you will not be forgotten, once this picture is seen."

She returned to classes at the Angelo Catholic school, where her sister had attended before her.

She wished that Juliet was still there so she could share her feelings and her delicious anticipation with her.

There had only been one year in which she and Juliet had been at the school together: her first and Juliet's last—and it was the most wonderful fun of all.

She had lots of other friends—but somehow she couldn't tell them about it.

They would ask: "What did you do this summer, Hayley," and she would answer, not untruthfully, "Oh . . . I played."

She never mentioned the picture to anyone.

She concentrated on her school work, and daydreamed only a little about next summer.

And then suddenly *Tiger Bay* was ready to be premiered in London.

Mills wrote Father John, the padre of the school and made arrangements for Hayley to get off to come to London for a few days.

Mary and John opened the London flat, and made a real holiday of it. It was especially wonderful because it meant a reunion with Juliet who was then appearing on the London stage in *Five Finger Exercise.*

There was a new party dress and a dinner celebration and all the trimmings, but she still went through the evening in some kind of a daze.

The applause at the end of the picture was real enough.

So was daddy's, "You're a star, darling."

But she still couldn't believe it.

She spent another sleepless night—her first since making the *"big decision."*

And she got up at seven in the morning to wait for the paper boy.

The rest of the Mills family were sleeping soundly as she turned from one drama page to another.

HER HEART JUMPED at her reviews. The marvelous praise—the lines and lines and lines written about her.

Then her heart sank.

For in their overwhelming praise and enchantment of Hayley, John Mills was all but forgotten.

She heard stirring in the other room and hurriedly gathered up all the papers and hid them under a chair cushion.

Mills came out from his bedroom.

"Up so early, Hayley. After all that excitement I thought you'd sleep until noon."

"Oh, I wasn't very sleepy."

John looked around the room, and outside the flat.

"Hmmm . . . the papers should be here by now. Wonder what's delaying them. I'm anxious to see the notices. Aren't you?"

Hayley became terribly absorbed with some specks of dust which had gathered on the coffee table.

"Well, let's go to breakfast. Starving?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Throughout breakfast Mills got up to see if the paper boy had arrived.

"Can't understand it," he muttered. "On this of all mornings, the delivery should be so late."

Hayley became terribly absorbed with a speck at the bottom of her glass of milk.

After breakfast they returned to the living room.

Mills sat down on the big easy chair—which this morning wasn't easy to sit on at all.

He pulled up the cushion and saw all the papers piled beneath it . . . turned to the cinema pages.

"Hayley!"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Why didn't you tell me the papers had arrived and you read them."

"I'm sorry, Daddy. But I'm afraid they are all about me. And . . . and, well I didn't want your feelings to be hurt."

"*Hurt?* Hayley, I'm delighted. I told you they wouldn't know I was in the

picture. And you see—it says right here that you are the greatest child discovery in twenty-five years. I'm very, very proud of you."

When she returned to school, her secret was no secret any longer.

Word had spread like wild-fire about her performance in *Tiger Bay*, but what amazed the faculty and her school-mates was her ability to keep silent about it—and how totally unaffected she was by her success and her wide spreading fame.

Because within weeks her fame *was* spreading—far and wide.

Tiger Bay was submitted as an entry in the Berlin Film Festival and she copped *The Golden Bear Award* for the best performance of the year.

Disney saw the picture—and knew that his long long search for an actress to star in *Pollyanna* was at its end.

He discussed the possibility of placing her under a long term contract to him with John Mills.

"THIS IS WHAT HAYLEY WANTS," said Mills, "and I won't stand in her way—but her education comes first.

"We're doing our utmost to keep Hayley just the way she is. We want to be proud of her in *every* way, not just for whatever she accomplishes in her career."

Disney understood.

A compromise was made.

Hayley would do one picture for him every year while she is still a schoolgirl—and he would try to arrange the schedule to fit in with her summer vacation. The rest of the time she would remain in England. But could some arrangement be made for *Pollyanna*—which would of necessity run into the school term?

Mills contacted Father John, who immediately replied:

"We realize that Hayley is one of the exceptions of this life and we are prepared to welcome her back here whenever she can get to us."

So Hayley and Mary Mills went to Hollywood, together with ten-year-old Jonathan.

John remained in England for a movie.

Juliet went off on her own to Broadway for the New York production of *Five Finger Exercise*.

The family was separated—but only in a physical sense.

Each day Hayley wrote her father—and her sister.

Particularly her sister. And there was so much to write of the wonders of California:

"Oh my dear!" she'd exclaim. "It's simply marvelous. The hamburgers—and the roast beef which is an inch thick and not at all like the roast beef at home which is so thin." ("Oh, my dear" is an expression Hayley has picked up and sprinkles in all her correspondence.)

She'd write of the new friends she had made, and of the odd studio school—which was classes in a trailer, and of the marvelous clothes she had seen and bought.

"And, oh, my dear," she'd write, "have you heard Elvis Presley's latest recording? It is smashing."

For at thirteen, Hayley fell smashingly in love with Elvis Presley.

Boys as boys were unimportant to her. She felt herself much too young for such nonsense.

But Elvis was different.

Between scenes, she'd rush to her dressing room and play his latest recordings.

Her conversations were sprinkled with "Elvis this," and "Elvis that."

Her bitterest disappointment was that he was in Europe, and there was no chance for her to meet him and get his autograph.

Laurence Olivier ("Uncle Larry") would take her to lunch—but as much as she adored "Uncle Larry," he couldn't compare with Elvis.

He was her very own first love.

Life was quiet that first summer in Hollywood. Outside of the Disney studios, she was virtually unknown. She was taken to Disneyland, and had a perfectly marvelous time.

The only stares that greeted the "party" were aimed at her guide—a man by the name of Walt Disney.

HER ONLY PROBLEM was that she was shooting up like a reed, and there was a race against time to finish the picture before she "outgrew" the role. Within a year she had shot up to 5'3"—a good inch taller than Juliet.

"Oh, my dear!" she would write, "if I keep growing any taller, I shall be taken for your *older* sister."

When *Pollyanna* was completed the entire family with the exception of Juliet were re-united in Tobago where John was making *Swiss Family Robinson*. Tobago was like a vacation—even if there was school. In Tobago Hayley and Jonathan went to a negro school and the only other white pupil was the brother of Janet Munro who worked with John. But doing their lessons in so many different places like this was more fun than work.

If Hayley had been sensational in *Tiger Bay*, her "Pollyanna" was phenomenal. Wrote one critic:

"Young Miss Mills' contribution to its (*Pollyanna*'s) unexpected delights is fresh and funny and beguiling and utterly unspoiled. Mawkish, gooey sentimentality has no place in her performance. It is mercifully free also of the "cute brat" mannerisms which have marred the work of so many screen juveniles in the past including some who have become box-office sensations. We predict Hayley will become the greatest box-office sensation of them all."

With the release of *Pollyanna* came recognition—and problems.

It was great fun to be asked for autographs—and all that—but for reasons Hayley still can't understand, people insisted upon talking to her as if she was four years old instead of a budding young lady of fourteen.

"Oooooh you cute little thing," they'd say. "Wrinkle your ittsy bitsy little nose for us like you did in the movie."

It infuriated her—and made her just a little ill, and if she wrinkled her nose it was for reasons other than anticipated.

"Talking down" to Hayley is akin to talking down to Albert Einstein.

And yet, she can in no way be termed precocious.

Mary Mills has brought her two daughters up with rare intelligence and understanding.

She feels Hayley is still "too young" to wear make-up, and "date," but there is nothing she has "kept from her."

HAVING BEEN BROUGHT UP ON A FARM since babyhood, Hayley learned about the birds and the bees from the birds and the bees and the cows and the horses.

When she was twelve, Mrs. Mills translated this knowledge into human terms. She didn't, however, say, "You must *never* do this or that or the other thing." Instead she sensibly explained the dangers of premarital sex and left it at that—with complete confidence in both her daughters' intelligence and sense of morality.

"I wanted," she said, "my children to know about these things normally and naturally from me. I didn't want them to learn about sex behind a back fence, at school, or from uninformed companions. Too many mothers make that mistake."

When Hayley expressed a curiosity about "cocktails," Mrs. Mills let her taste one knowing full well she'd hate it—as she did. Now—even on special occasions, Hayley is barely able to take a sip of diluted wine with the family. The problem of smoking too soon was handled in the same way.

Although she has many close girlfriends both in England and now in Hollywood, Hayley's closest "friend" is, of course, her sister Juliet.

The four-year age difference between them doesn't seem to matter, nor are Hayley and Juliet jealous of each other.

"People ask me all the time," says Juliet, "or at least want to ask me, if I'm jealous of Hayley, because I've been acting all my life, and she became a big star within a year.

"Of course, I'm not. How can I be? I love my sister. Besides Hayley is a cinema star and I'm fundamentally a stage actress—so there is no competition between us."

"There never has been any really. Not because of the four-year difference in our ages—because we do not take notice of that really—but because *we're* different.

"Hayley is pixie and I've never been pixie—and she is quite good for me. She gets angry and gets into a terrible fit and it lasts just a minute. When I get angry—I brood—unless Hayley is there to snap me out of it. And we're forever playing marvelous pranks on one another. She's more my friend—than just a sister.

"We used to share the same bedroom—but now that we are both working and keeping such different hours, we have our own rooms. Except on the weekends. Then she comes into my room to spend the night—and we talk forever—about millions of things. Not too much about boys yet though. I don't want to get married for a long, long time—and Hayley hasn't discovered boys. But we talk about everything that has happened to us—and laugh and just have a marvelous time. I know we are different from most 'average' teenagers in this country because of the way we have been brought up—and our careers, and travels, but in our basic interests and habits, we're not all that different really. Except I do hope you won't have us sounding like Sandra Dee. It's not that Hayley and I don't like Sandra Dee, except that when you read about her it all comes out 'too much,' don't you think?"

THIS PAST SUMMER in Hollywood when Hayley was working on her newest picture, tentatively titled *Bluejeans And Petticoats* (in which she plays identical twins) was one of the pleasantest for all the Mills—and there were a dozen weekends for Hayley and Juliet to get together for girl-talk.

But of them all, one particularly stands out.

Hayley and Juliet were in absolute hysterics over the offer Hayley received to play *Lolita*. An offer, incidentally that was promptly rejected . . . for many reasons, not the least of them being that Hayley had to return home to school.

But in the midst of their frolicking, Hayley turned suddenly very serious.

"Juliet?" she asked in all earnestness. "What do you think it would be like to be a flop?"

Juliet thought for a while—but never having been a flop or in one, was stumped for an answer.

"Oh, I don't know, Hayley," she answered. "I really can't say. But I should imagine that it would be frightfully depressing."

"Yes. I would imagine that it would be," Hayley echoed pensively.

"Oh, Juliet, you don't think I'm just a flash-in-the-pan, do you?"

We should say not! **END**

Hayley's next starrer is Buena Vista's PETTICOATS AND BLUEJEANS.



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